

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Most Powerful Romance, This Week!

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year . . . 2.00
Two copies, one year . . . 3.00

No. 290.

ERMINIE; OR, The Gipsy Queen's Vow.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

Author of "The Dark Secret," "The Twin Sisters," "An Awful Mystery," "Victoria: or, The Heiress of Castle Cliffe," etc.

CHAPTER I.

NIGHT AND STORM.

"The night grows wondrous dark; deep-swellings
And sultry stillness take the rule by turn.
While o'er our heads the black and heavy clouds
Roll slowly on. This surely bodes a storm."

OVERHEAD, the storm-clouds were scudding wildly across the sky, until all above was one dense pall of impenetrable gloom. A chill, penetrating rain was falling, and the wind came sweeping in long, fitful gusts—piercingly cold; for it was a night in March.

It was the north road to London. A thick, yellow fog, that had been rising all day from the bosom of the Thames, wrapped the great city in a blackness that might almost be felt; and its innumerable lights were shrouded in the deep gloom. Yet the solitary figure, flitting through the pelting rain and bleak wind, strained her eyes as she fled along, as though, despite the more than Egyptian darkness, she would force, by her fierce, steady glare, the obscure lights of the city to show themselves.

The night lingered and lingered, the gloom deepened and deepened, the rain plashed dimly; the wind blew in moaning, lamentable gusts, penetrating through the thick mantle she held closely around her. And still the woman fled on, stopping neither for wind, nor rain, nor storm—unheeding, unfeeling them all—keeping her fierce, devouring gaze fixed, with a look that might have pierced the very heavens, on the still far-distant city.

There was no one on the road but herself. The lateness of the hour—for it was almost midnight—and the increasing storm, kept pedestrians within doors that cheerless March night. Now and then she would pass cottages in which lights were still glaring, but most of the houses were wrapped in silence and darkness.

And still on, through night, and storm, and gloom, fled the wanderer, with the pitiless rain beating in her face—the chill blasts flustering her thin-worn garments and long, wild, black hair. Still on, pausing not, resting not, never removing her steadfast gaze from the distant city—like a lost soul hurrying to its doom.

Suddenly, above the walling of the wind and plashing of the rain, arose the thunder of horses' hoofs and the crash of approaching carriage-wheels. Rapidly they came on, and the woman paused for a moment and leaned against a cottage porch, as if waiting until it should pass.

A bright light was still burning in the window, and it fell on the lonely wayfarer as she stood, breathing hard and waiting, with burning, feverish impatience, for the carriage to pass. It displayed the form of a woman of forty, or thereabouts, with a tall, towering, commanding figure, gaunt and bony. Her complexion was dark; its naturally swarthy hue having been tanned by sun and wind to a dark-brown. The features were strong, stern, and prominent, yet you could see at a glance that the face had once been a handsome one. Now, however—thin, haggard, and fleshless, with the high, prominent cheek-bones; the gloomy, overhanging brows; the stern, set, unyielding mouth; the rigid, corrugated brow; the fierce, devouring, maniac black eyes—it looked positively hideous. Such eyes!—such burning, blazing orbs of fire, never was seen in human head before! They glowed like two live coals in a bleached skull. There was utter misery, there was despair—unspeakable, mingled with fierce determination, in those lurid, flaming eyes. And the dark, stern, terrific face was stamped with the unmistakable impress of a despised, degraded race. This woman was a gipsy. It needed not her peculiar dress, the costume of her tribe, to tell this, though that was significant enough. Her thick, coarse, jet-black hair, streaked with threads of gray, was pushed impatiently off her face; and her only head-covering was a handkerchief of crimson and black silk, knotted under her chin. A cloak, of coarse, red woolen stuff, covered her shoulders, and a dress of the same material, but in color blue, reached hardly to her ankles. The brilliant head-dress, and unique, fiery costume, suited well the dark, fierce, passionate face of the woman.

"For an instant she paused, as if to let the carriage pass; then, as if even the delay of an instant was maddening, she started wildly up, and keeping her hungry, devouring gaze fixed



"From this moment I vow, before God and all his angels, to devote my whole life to revenge on you!"

CHAPTER II.

MR. TOOSYEGGS.

"He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth, Vernon drags of him. To be a virtuous and well-governed youth."

THE vehicle that the gipsy had heard approaching was a light wagon drawn by two swift horses. It had two seats capable of holding four persons, though the front seat alone was now occupied.

The first of these (for his age claims the precedence) was a short, stout, burly, thickset, little man, buttoned up in a huge great-coat, suffering under a severe eruption of capes and pockets. An immense fur cap, that, by its antiquated looks, might have been worn by Noah's grandfather, adorned his head, and was pulled so far down on his face that nothing was visible but a round, respectable-looking bottle-nose, and a pair of small, twinkling gray eyes. This individual, who was also the driver, rejoiced in the cognomen of Mr. Bill Harkins, and made it his business to take belated wayfarers to London (either by land or water), when arriving too late for the regular conveyances. On the present occasion his sole freight consisted of a young gentleman with a brilliant-hued carpet-bag, glowing with straw-colored roses and dark-blue lilies, rising from a background resembling London smoke. The young gentleman was a very remarkable young gentleman indeed. He was exceedingly tall and thin, with legs like a couple of pipe-stems, and a neck so long and slender that it reminded you of a gander's, and made you tremble for the safety of the head balanced on such a frail support. His hair and complexion were both of that indefinite color known to the initiated as "whity brown"—the latter being profusely sprinkled with large yellow freckles, and the former as straight and sleek as bear's grease could make it. For the rest, he was characterized by nothing in particular, but for being the possessor of a pair of large, pale-blue eyes, not remarkable for either brilliancy or expression, and for wearing the meekest possible expression of countenance. He might have been eighteen years old, as far as years went; but his worldly wisdom was by no means equal to his years.

"By jingo! that 'ere was a blast!" said Mr. Harkins, bending his head as a gale swept shrieking by.

"Yes, it does blow, but I don't mind it—I'm very much obliged to you," said the pale young man, with the white hair and freckles, holding his carpet-bag in his arms, as if it were a baby.

"Who said you did?" growled Bill Harkins. "You'll be safe in Lunnun in half an 'our, while I'll be a-drivin' back through this 'ere win' and 'rain, getting wetted right through. If you don't mind it, I does, Mr. Toosyeggs."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosyeggs, humbly, "I'm very sorry to put you to so much trouble, I'm sure, but if two extra crows—"

"Mr. Toosyeggs," interrupted Mr. Harkins, with a sudden burst of feeling, "give us yer hand; yer a trump. It's easy to be perceived, them as is gentlemen from them as isn't. You're one o' the right sort; oughter be a lord, by jingo! Get up, hold lay-bones," said Mr. Harkins, touching the near-wheeler daintily with his whip.

"Mr. Harkins, it's very good of you to say so, and I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure," said Mr. Toosyeggs, gratefully; "but, at the same time, if you'll please to recollect, I'm an American, and consequently couldn't be a lord. There aren't any lords over in America, Mr. Harkins; though if there was, I dare say I would be one. It's real kind of you to wish it, though, and I'm much obliged to you," added Mr. Toosyeggs, with emotion.

"Hamerica must be a hodd sorter place," said Mr. Harkins, reflectively. "I've hearn tell that your king—"

"He isn't a king, Mr. Harkins; he's only the President," broke in Mr. Toosyeggs, with energy.

"Well, President, then," said Mr. Harkins, adopting the amendment with a look of disgust. "I've hearn they call him 'mister,' jest like hany hother man."

"So they do; and he glories in the triumphant title—a title which, as an American citizen's, is a prouder one than that of king or kaiser!" said Mr. Toosyeggs, enthusiastically, while he repeated the sentence he had read out of a late novel: "It is a title for which emperors might lay down their scepters—for which potentates might doff the royal purple—for which the great ones of the earth might—"

"—a might!"—Mr. Toosyeggs paused and knit his brows, having evidently lost his cue.

"Kick the bucket!" suggested Mr. Harkins, coming to his aid.

"Mr. Harkins, I'm very much obliged to you; but that wasn't exactly the word," said Mr. Toosyeggs, politely.

"Might—oh, yes!—might resign name and fame, and dwell under the shadow of the American eagle, whose glorious wings extend to the four quarters of the earth, and before whose soul-piercing eyes the nations of the world must blush forever more!"

And Mr. Toosyeggs, carried away by national enthusiasm, gave his arm such a flourish that it came in contact with the head of Mr. Harkins, and set more stars dancing before his eyes than there would have been had the night been ever so fine.

The outraged Mr. Harkins indignantly sprung round, and collared Mr. Toosyeggs, whose complexion had turned from whity-brown to gray, with terror, and whose teeth chattered with mingled shame and fear.

"You himpertinent waggabond!" shouted Mr. Harkins, "to go for to strike a humnuf-fending man like that! Blessed if I hain't a good mind to chuck yer 'ead fust hout the waggin'!"

"Mr. Har—Har—Harkins," stammered the half-strangled advocate of the "American eagle," "I didn't mean to do it, I'm very much obliged to you! I do assure you, Mr. Harkins, I hadn't the faintest idea of hitting you; and if I money—"

"How much?" demanded Mr. Harkins, fiercely, looking bayonets at his trembling victim.

"Which is how many dollars?" demanded the somewhat mollified Mr. Harkins.

"Two pound sterling," said Mr. Toosyeggs, in a trembling falsetto; "and I do assure you, Mr. Harkins, I hadn't the faintest idea of hitting you that time. If two pound—"

"Done!" cried Mr. Harkins. "Never say it ag'in. I ain't a man to bear spite at no one—which is a Christian maxim, Mr. Toosyeggs. A clip side the head's neither here nor there. Same time, I'll take them two-pound flimsies now, it's all the same to you!"

"Certainly—certainly, Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosyeggs, drawing out a purse well-filled with gold, and opening it nervously. "Three—five—ten dollars, and two for the drive's twelve; and one to buy sugar-plums for your infant family—if you've got such a thing about

you—is thirteen. Here's thirteen dollars, Mr. Harkins. I'm very much obliged to you."

"Same to you, Mr. Toosyeggs," said Mr. Harkins, pocketing the money, with a broad grin. "May you ne'er want a friend, nor a bottle to give him, as the poie says."

"Mr. Harkins, I'm obliged to you," said Mr. Toosyeggs, grasping his hand, which Mr. Harkins resigned with a grunt. "You have a soul, Mr. Harkins. I know it—I feel it. Everybody mightn't find it out; but I can—I perceived it from the first."

Mr. Harkins heard this startling fact with the greatest indifference, merely saying, "Humph!"

"And now, how far do you suppose we are from the city, Mr. Harkins?" said Mr. Toosyeggs, in his most insinuating tone.

"Bout a mile or so."

"Could you recommend any hotel to me, Mr. Harkins. I'm a stranger in the city, you know, and should feel grateful if you would," said Mr. Toosyeggs, humbly.

"Why, yes, I can," said Mr. Harkins, brightening suddenly up. "There's the 'Blue Pig,' one of the finest hotels in Lunnun, with the best o' accommodations for man and beast. You've hearn o' the 'Blue Pig' over there in Hamerica, hain't you?"

Mr. Toosyeggs wasn't sure. It was very likely he had; but, owing to his bad memory, he had forgotten.

"Well, anyhow, you won't find many hotels to beat that 'ere. Best o' accommodations—but I told you that afore."

"Where is it located?" asked Mr. Toosyeggs.

"St. Giles. You know where that is, in course—everybody does. The nicest hotel in Lunnun—best o' accommodations. But I told you that afore. My hold friend, Bruis'n' Bob keeps it. You'll like it, I know."

"Yes, Mr. Harkins, I dare say I will. I am very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosyeggs, in a somewhat dubious tone.

"That 'ere man's the greatest cove a-goin'," said Mr. Harkins, getting enthusiastic. "Been married ten times if he's been married once. One wife died; one left his bread-board, and run hoff with a hoffer dragoon; one was lagged for stealin' wifes, and he's got three livin' at this present writin'. Great feller is Bob."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it, Mr. Harkins," said the proprietor of the freckles, politely; "and I anticipate a great deal of pleasure in making the acquaintance of your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bob. But, good gracious! Mr. Harkins, just look there—if that ain't a woman hurrying on there after!"

Mr. Toosyeggs, pointing, in intense surprise, to the form of the gipsy, as she darted swiftly away from the cottage.

"Well, what o' that? Some trumper a-goin' to Lunnun," said Mr. Harkins, gruffly.

"But, Mr. Harkins, a woman out in such a storm at this hour of the night! Why, it ain't right," said Mr. Toosyeggs, getting excited.

Mr. Harkins picked up his hat, turned down the collar of his coat, faced abruptly round, and looked Mr. Toosyeggs straight in the eyes.

"Do call to her to get in, Mr. Harkins. There's plenty of room for her on the back seat," said Mr. Toosyeggs, unheeding Mr. Harkins' astounded look at his philanthropy. "A woman traveling on foot in such a storm! Why, it ain't right!" repeated Mr. Toosyeggs, getting still more excited.

"Mr. Toosyeggs, Hamericans don't never be a little bout their mind, do they?" said Mr. Harkins, blandly.

"Not often, Mr. Harkins, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toosyeggs, with his customary politeness.

"Because if they did, you know," said Mr. Harkins, in the same bland tone, "I should say you wasn't quite right yourself, you know!"

"Good gracious! Mr. Harkins, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Toosyeggs, in a tone of mild remonstrance. "You don't think I'm crazy, do you?"

"Mr. Toosyeggs, I don't like to be personal; so I'll only say it's my private opinion you're a brick," said Mr. Harkins, mildly. "Perhaps, though, it's the hair of Hingland wot doesn't agree with you. I thought you was very sensible a little while ago, when you gin me them two pound."

"I'm very much obliged to you for your good opinion, Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosyeggs, blushing. "And if you'll only call to that woman to get in the wagon, I'll be still more so."

"And have your pockets picked?" said Mr. Harkins, sharply. "I shan't do no such thing."

"Mr. Harkins!" said Mr. Toospegs, warmly, "she's a woman—ain't she?"

"Well, wot if she be?" said Mr. Harkins, sullenly. "Why, that no woman should be walking at this hour when men are riding; more particularly when there is a back seat with nobody in it. Why, it ain't right!" said Mr. Toospegs, who seemed unable to get beyond this point.

"Well, I don't care!" said Mr. Harkins, snappishly. "Do you s'pose, Mr. Toospegs, I have nothing to do but buy waggins to carry such lumber as that 'ere? I won't do it for no one. Likely as not she's nothin' but a gipsy, or something as bad. This 'ere waggon ain't goin' to be perished with no such trash."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toospegs, briskly, thrusting his hand into his pocket, "what will you take and ride to London?"

"Hey! 'A fool and his money'—hum! What'll you give?"

"Done!" said Mr. Harkins, closing his digits on the coin, while his little eyes snapped. "Hullo! you, woman!" he shouted, rising his voice.

The gipsy—who, though but a yard or so ahead, was indistinguishable in the darkness—sped on without paying the slightest attention to his call.

"Hallo, there! Hallo!" again called Mr. Harkins, while Mr. Toospegs followed with: "Stop a moment, if you please, madam."

But neither for the sharp, surly order of the driver, nor the bland, courteous request of Mr. Toospegs, did the woman stop. Casting a brief, fletting glance over her shoulder, she again flitted on.

"You confounded old witch! Stop and take a ride to town—will you?" yelled the polite and agreeable Mr. Harkins, holding up a dark lantern and reining in his horse by the woman's side.

The dark, stern face, with its fierce, black eyes and wildly-streaming hair, was turned, and a hard, deep voice asked what he wanted.

"A gipsy! I knew it!" muttered Mr. Harkins, shrinking involuntarily from her lurid glances. "Ugh! What a face! Looks like the witch in the play!" Then aloud: "Get in, ma'am, and I'll take ye to town."

"Go play your jokes on some one else," said the woman, curtly, turning away.

"I ain't a-jokin'. Nice time o' night this to stop and play jokes—ain't it?" said Mr. Harkins, in a tone of intense irony. "This 'ere young man, which is a Hamerican from the New Knighted States, has paid yer fare to London out his hown blessed pocket. So jump in, and don't keep me waitin' here in the wet."

"Is what he says true?" said the dark woman, turning the sharp light of her stiletto-like eyes on the freckles and pale-blue eyes of good-natured Mr. Toospegs.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm happy to say it is," said Mr. Toospegs. "Allow me to hand you in."

And Mr. Toospegs got up to fulfill his offer; but Dobbin at that moment gave the wagon a malicious jerk, and dumped our patriotic American back in his seat. Before he could recover his breath, the gipsy had declined his assistance, with a wave of her hand, and had entered the wagon unassisted, and taken her seat.

"I know that trumper," said Mr. Harkins, in a nervous whisper to Mr. Toospegs. "It's the gipsy queen, Keturah, from Yetholm; most wonderful woman that ever was, 'cept Deborah, the woman the Bible tells about, you know, wot druv the nail through the fellow's head when she found him takin' a snooze. Heard a minister take her for his text once, and preach all about it. Our own's name's Deborah, too," said Mr. Harkins, absently.

"And she's a gipsy queen! Lord bless us!" exclaimed Mr. Toospegs, turning round and looking in some alarm at the fixed, stern, dark face before him—like the face of a statue in bronze. "Does she tell fortunes?"

"Yes; but you'd better not ask her to-night," said Mr. Harkins, in the same cautious whisper. "Her son's in prison, and sentenced to transportation for life for robbin' the plate of the Earl De Courcy. He's goin' off with a lot of hothouse yam to-morrow mornin'. Now, don't go exclaimin' that way!" said Mr. Harkins, in a tone expressive of disgust, as he gave his companion a dig in the side.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of sympathy. "Why, it's too bad; it really is, Mr. Harkins."

"Served him right, it's my opinion," said Mr. Harkins, sententially. "Wot business had he for to go for to rob Earl De Courcy, I want ter know! His mother, the hold lady ahind her, wot and sot him up for a gentleman, and see wot's come hof hit. She, a hold gipsy queen, goin' and sendin' her son to Eton with all the young lordesses, and baronetesses, and dukes, and wotkin' believe he was some thin' above the common. And now see what her fine gentleman's gone and done and come to. Wonder wot she'll think of herself, w'en she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spense of the government, to-morrow!"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, looking deeply sorry.

"Poor hold thing indeed!" said Mr. Harkins, turning up his nose contemptuously. "Served 'im right, I say ag'in. That 'ere son o' hern was the most stuck-up chap I ever chapped my two blessed eyes on. Hafter he left Eton, I seed 'im, one day, in the streets, hand guess who with! W'y, with nobody less than young Lord Villiers, howny son o' the Earl De Courcy, as he has gone and robbed. There's his gratitude for you! I didn't know 'im then; but I 'cognized him hafterward in the court-room hat 'is trial."

"How could he afford to go to Eton—he, a gipsy?" said Mr. Toospegs, in surprise.

"Dunno! Hold woman sent 'im, I s'pose—'owever she got the money. He was a fine-looking fellow, too, I must say, though rather tawny, but 'andsome as Lord Villiers himself. Hold Keturah was 'andsome once, too; seed 'er w'en she was a reg'lar hof-and-hout beauty; though you mightn't think it now. Times changes folks, yer know," said Mr. Harkins, in a moralizing tone.

"What made him steal, if his mother was so rich?" said Mr. Toospegs.

"His mother wasn't rich no more'n I be. S'pose she made enough tellin' fortunes, poachin', and stealin', to pay fur 'im at school; hand then when he grewed hup, and his cash gave out, he took hand stole the heart's plate. He denied it ball hat 'is trial; but then they had to do that. By jingo! he looked fierce enough to knock the judge and jury, and all the rest on 'em, into the middle hof next week, hif not further, that day. 'Twas no go, though; hand hover the water he goes to-morrow."

"Poor fellow! Mr. Harkins, I'm sorry for him—I really am," said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of real sincerity.

Mr. Harkins burst into a gruff laugh.

"Well, hif this ain't good! Wot fools folks

is! Sorry for a coove yer never saw! Wonder hif all Hamericans is as green as you be!"

After this sentence, which came out in a series of little jerks, with strong notes of admiration appended to each, Mr. Harkins relapsed into silence and the collar of his great-coat, and began whistling "The Devil Among the Tailors," in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city—the loud crash and din of which had somewhat subsided, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the lateness of the hour. The gipsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation—it having been carried on in a prudently-subdued tone—had wrapped her coarse cloak closer around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights of the city began to appear. One by one, they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bug-like stars, here and there; and in every direction.

The city was gained; and they were soon in the very midst of the great, throbbing heart of mighty London.

The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toospegs sprung out to assist the woman to alight.

But waving him away with an impatient motion, she sprung out unassisted, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted away in the twinkling of an eye.

"There! I knowed that she'd be all the thanks y'd get," said Mr. Harkins, with a hoarse chuckle. "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"Well, that don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure," said the kind-hearted Mr. Toospegs. "Good-by, Mr. Harkins. Give my respects to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold fellow," said Mr. Harkins, giving Mr. Toospegs' hand a cordial shake.

"You're a brick! How I'd like to come haccross one like you hev'ry night! Go right to Bob's, sign o' the 'Blue Pig,' St. Giles, best o' commodation for man and beast; but I told you that before. Tell Bob I sent you, and I'll call and see ye in a few days."

"You're very good, Mr. Harkins. I'll certainly tell Mr. Bob so when I see him!" said Mr. Toospegs, with a severe twinge of conscience at the deception he felt himself to be using; "and I'll be very glad to see you whenever you call. I'm very much obliged to you."

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS.

"Oh, thou shalt be mine!" said the heart on feel, or tongue can feel; I'll praise, admire, and worship thee. But must not, dare not, love again!"

Moore.

WHILE the solitary wagon was driving, through wind and rain, along the lonely north road, bearing its three strangely-contrasted inmates—the gruff, avaricious driver, the simple, kind-hearted youth, and the dark, fierce, stern woman—a far different scene was passing in another quarter of the city. At that same hour the town mansion of Hugh Seyton—Earl De Courcy—was all ablaze with lights, music and mirth. Gorgeous drawing-rooms, fretted with gold and carving, dazzling with numerous jets of light from the pendant chandeliers, odorous with the heavy perfume of costly exotics, the very air quivering with softest music, were thrown open, and were filled with the proud, the high-born, and the beautiful, of London. Peers and peeresses, gallant nobles and ladies bright, moved through the glittering rooms; and in laughing, talking, flirting, dancing, the night was waning apace.

Two young men stood together within the deep shadow of a bay-window, in the music-room, watching a group assembled round a young lady at the piano, and conversing in low tones.

One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, somewhat above the common height, and faultless in form and figure, with a certain air of distinction about him that stamped him as one of noble birth. His clear, fair complexion, his curling chestnut hair, and large blue eyes, betrayed his Saxon blood. His face might have seemed slightly effeminate; but no one, in looking at the high, kindly brow, the dark, flashing eyes, and firm-set mouth, would have thought that long. A dark moustache shaded his upper lip, and a strange, handsome face whenever he smiled. Adored by the ladies, envied by the men, Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl De Courcy, seemed to have nothing on earth left to wish for.

And yet, at times, over that white, intellectual brow a dark shadow would flit; from the depths of those dark, handsome eyes the bright light of a happy heart would pass; the mouth would grow stern, and a look of troubled care would darken his young face.

His companion, a good-looking young man, with a certain air of gentleness, and baronetesses, and dukes, and wotkin' believe he was some thin' above the common. And now see what her fine gentleman's gone and done and come to. Wonder wot she'll think of herself, w'en she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spense of the government, to-morrow!"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, looking deeply sorry.

"Poor hold thing indeed!" said Mr. Harkins, turning up his nose contemptuously. "Served 'im right, I say ag'in. That 'ere son o' hern was the most stuck-up chap I ever chapped my two blessed eyes on. Hafter he left Eton, I seed 'im, one day, in the streets, hand guess who with! W'y, with nobody less than young Lord Villiers, howny son o' the Earl De Courcy, as he has gone and robbed. There's his gratitude for you! I didn't know 'im then; but I 'cognized him hafterward in the court-room hat 'is trial."

"How could he afford to go to Eton—he, a gipsy?" said Mr. Toospegs, in surprise.

"Dunno! Hold woman sent 'im, I s'pose—'owever she got the money. He was a fine-looking fellow, too, I must say, though rather tawny, but 'andsome as Lord Villiers himself. Hold Keturah was 'andsome once, too; seed 'er w'en she was a reg'lar hof-and-hout beauty; though you mightn't think it now. Times changes folks, yer know," said Mr. Harkins, in a moralizing tone.

"What made him steal, if his mother was so rich?" said Mr. Toospegs.

"His mother wasn't rich no more'n I be. S'pose she made enough tellin' fortunes, poachin', and stealin', to pay fur 'im at school; hand then when he grewed hup, and his cash gave out, he took hand stole the heart's plate. He denied it ball hat 'is trial; but then they had to do that. By jingo! he looked fierce enough to knock the judge and jury, and all the rest on 'em, into the middle hof next week, hif not further, that day. 'Twas no go, though; hand hover the water he goes to-morrow."

"Poor fellow! Mr. Harkins, I'm sorry for him—I really am," said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of real sincerity.

Mr. Harkins burst into a gruff laugh.

"Well, hif this ain't good! Wot fools folks

is! Sorry for a coove yer never saw! Wonder hif all Hamericans is as green as you be!"

After this sentence, which came out in a series of little jerks, with strong notes of admiration appended to each, Mr. Harkins relapsed into silence and the collar of his great-coat, and began whistling "The Devil Among the Tailors," in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city—the loud crash and din of which had somewhat subsided, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the lateness of the hour. The gipsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation—it having been carried on in a prudently-subdued tone—had wrapped her coarse cloak closer around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights of the city began to appear. One by one, they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bug-like stars, here and there; and in every direction.

The city was gained; and they were soon in the very midst of the great, throbbing heart of mighty London.

The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toospegs sprung out to assist the woman to alight.

But waving him away with an impatient motion, she sprung out unassisted, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted away in the twinkling of an eye.

"There! I knowed that she'd be all the thanks y'd get," said Mr. Harkins, with a hoarse chuckle. "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"Well, that don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure," said the kind-hearted Mr. Toospegs. "Good-by, Mr. Harkins. Give my respects to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold fellow," said Mr. Harkins, giving Mr. Toospegs' hand a cordial shake.

"You're a brick! How I'd like to come haccross one like you hev'ry night! Go right to Bob's, sign o' the 'Blue Pig,' St. Giles, best o' commodation for man and beast; but I told you that before. Tell Bob I sent you, and I'll call and see ye in a few days."

"You're very good, Mr. Harkins. I'll certainly tell Mr. Bob so when I see him!" said Mr. Toospegs, with a severe twinge of conscience at the deception he felt himself to be using; "and I'll be very glad to see you whenever you call. I'm very much obliged to you."

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS.

"Oh, thou shalt be mine!" said the heart on feel, or tongue can feel; I'll praise, admire, and worship thee. But must not, dare not, love again!"

Moore.

WHILE the solitary wagon was driving, through wind and rain, along the lonely north road, bearing its three strangely-contrasted inmates—the gruff, avaricious driver, the simple, kind-hearted youth, and the dark, fierce, stern woman—a far different scene was passing in another quarter of the city. At that same hour the town mansion of Hugh Seyton—Earl De Courcy—was all ablaze with lights, music and mirth. Gorgeous drawing-rooms, fretted with gold and carving, dazzling with numerous jets of light from the pendant chandeliers, odorous with the heavy perfume of costly exotics, the very air quivering with softest music, were thrown open, and were filled with the proud, the high-born, and the beautiful, of London. Peers and peeresses, gallant nobles and ladies bright, moved through the glittering rooms; and in laughing, talking, flirting, dancing, the night was waning apace.

Two young men stood together within the deep shadow of a bay-window, in the music-room, watching a group assembled round a young lady at the piano, and conversing in low tones.

One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, somewhat above the common height, and faultless in form and figure, with a certain air of distinction about him that stamped him as one of noble birth. His clear, fair complexion, his curling chestnut hair, and large blue eyes, betrayed his Saxon blood. His face might have seemed slightly effeminate; but no one, in looking at the high, kindly brow, the dark, flashing eyes, and firm-set mouth, would have thought that long. A dark moustache shaded his upper lip, and a strange, handsome face whenever he smiled. Adored by the ladies, envied by the men, Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl De Courcy, seemed to have nothing on earth left to wish for.

And yet, at times, over that white, intellectual brow a dark shadow would flit; from the depths of those dark, handsome eyes the bright light of a happy heart would pass; the mouth would grow stern, and a look of troubled care would darken his young face.

His companion, a good-looking young man, with a certain air of gentleness, and baronetesses, and dukes, and wotkin' believe he was some thin' above the common. And now see what her fine gentleman's gone and done and come to. Wonder wot she'll think of herself, w'en she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spense of the government, to-morrow!"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, looking deeply sorry.

"Poor hold thing indeed!" said Mr. Harkins, turning up his nose contemptuously. "Served 'im right, I say ag'in. That 'ere son o' hern was the most stuck-up chap I ever chapped my two blessed eyes on. Hafter he left Eton, I seed 'im, one day, in the streets, hand guess who with! W'y, with nobody less than young Lord Villiers, howny son o' the Earl De Courcy, as he has gone and robbed. There's his gratitude for you! I didn't know 'im then; but I 'cognized him hafterward in the court-room hat 'is trial."

"How could he afford to go to Eton—he, a gipsy?" said Mr. Toospegs, in surprise.

"Dunno! Hold woman sent 'im, I s'pose—'owever she got the money. He was a fine-looking fellow, too, I must say, though rather tawny, but 'andsome as Lord Villiers himself. Hold Keturah was 'andsome once, too; seed 'er w'en she was a reg'lar hof-and-hout beauty; though you mightn't think it now. Times changes folks, yer know," said Mr. Harkins, in a moralizing tone.

"What made him steal, if his mother was so rich?" said Mr. Toospegs.

"His mother wasn't rich no more'n I be. S'pose she made enough tellin' fortunes, poachin', and stealin', to pay fur 'im at school; hand then when he grewed hup, and his cash gave out, he took hand stole the heart's plate. He denied it ball hat 'is trial; but then they had to do that. By jingo! he looked fierce enough to knock the judge and jury, and all the rest on 'em, into the middle hof next week, hif not further, that day. 'Twas no go, though; hand hover the water he goes to-morrow."

"Poor fellow! Mr. Harkins, I'm sorry for him—I really am," said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of real sincerity.

Mr. Harkins burst into a gruff laugh.

"Well, hif this ain't good! Wot fools folks

is! Sorry for a coove yer never saw! Wonder hif all Hamericans is as green as you be!"

After this sentence, which came out in a series of little jerks, with strong notes of admiration appended to each, Mr. Harkins relapsed into silence and the collar of his great-coat, and began whistling "The Devil Among the Tailors," in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city—the loud crash and din of which had somewhat subsided, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the lateness of the hour. The gipsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation—it having been carried on in a prudently-subdued tone—had wrapped her coarse cloak closer around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights of the city began to appear. One by one, they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bug-like stars, here and there; and in every direction.

The city was gained; and they were soon in the very midst of the great, throbbing heart of mighty London.

The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toospegs sprung out to assist the woman to alight.

But waving him away with an impatient motion, she sprung out unassisted, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted away in the twinkling of an eye.

"There! I knowed that she'd be all the thanks y'd get," said Mr. Harkins, with a hoarse chuckle. "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"Well, that don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure," said the kind-hearted Mr. Toospegs. "Good-by, Mr. Harkins. Give my respects to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold fellow," said Mr. Harkins, giving Mr. Toospegs' hand a cordial shake.

"You're a brick! How I'd like to come haccross one like you hev'ry night! Go right to Bob's, sign o' the 'Blue Pig,' St. Giles, best o' commodation for man and beast; but I told you that before. Tell Bob I sent you, and I'll call and see ye in a few days."

"You're very good, Mr. Harkins. I'll certainly tell Mr. Bob so when I see him!" said Mr. Toospegs, with a severe twinge of conscience at the deception he felt himself to be using; "and I'll be very glad to see you whenever you call. I'm very much obliged to you."

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS.

"Oh, thou shalt be mine!" said the heart on feel, or tongue can feel; I'll praise, admire, and worship thee. But must not, dare not, love again!"

Moore.

WHILE the solitary wagon was driving, through wind and rain, along the lonely north road, bearing its three strangely-contrasted inmates—the gruff, avaricious driver, the simple, kind-hearted youth, and the dark, fierce, stern woman—a far different scene was passing in another quarter of the city. At that same hour the town mansion of Hugh Seyton—Earl De Courcy—was all ablaze with lights, music and mirth. Gorgeous drawing-rooms, fretted with gold and carving, dazzling with numerous jets of light from the pendant chandeliers, odorous with the heavy perfume of costly exotics, the very air quivering with softest music, were thrown open, and were filled with the proud, the high-born, and the beautiful, of London. Peers and peeresses, gallant nobles and ladies bright, moved through the glittering rooms; and in laughing, talking, flirting, dancing, the night was waning apace.

Two young men stood together within the deep shadow of a bay-window, in the music-room, watching a group assembled round a young lady at the piano, and conversing in low tones.

One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, somewhat above the common height, and faultless in form and figure, with a certain air of distinction about him that stamped him as one of noble birth. His clear, fair complexion, his curling chestnut hair, and large blue eyes, betrayed his Saxon blood. His face might have seemed slightly effeminate; but no one, in looking at the high, kindly brow, the dark, flashing eyes, and firm-set mouth, would have thought that long. A dark moustache shaded his upper lip, and a strange, handsome face whenever he smiled. Adored by the ladies, envied by the men, Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl De Courcy, seemed to have nothing on earth left to wish for.

And yet, at times, over that white, intellectual brow a dark shadow would flit; from the depths of those dark, handsome eyes the bright light of a happy heart would pass; the mouth would grow stern, and a look of troubled care would darken his young face.

His companion, a good-looking young man, with a certain air of gentleness, and baronetesses, and dukes, and wotkin' believe he was some thin' above the common. And now see what her fine gentleman's gone and done and come to. Wonder wot she'll think of herself, w'en she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spense of the government, to-morrow!"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, looking deeply sorry.

"Poor hold thing indeed!" said Mr. Harkins, turning up his nose contemptuously. "Served 'im right, I say ag'in. That 'ere son o' hern was the most stuck-up chap I ever chapped my two blessed eyes on. Hafter he left Eton, I seed 'im, one day, in the streets, hand guess who with! W'y, with nobody less than young Lord Villiers, howny son o' the Earl De Courcy, as he has gone and robbed. There's his gratitude for you! I didn't know 'im then; but I 'cognized him hafterward in the court-room hat 'is trial."

"How could he afford to go to Eton—he, a gipsy?" said Mr. Toospegs, in surprise.

"Dunno! Hold woman sent 'im, I s'pose—'owever she got the money. He was a fine-looking fellow, too, I must say, though rather tawny, but 'andsome as Lord Villiers himself. Hold Keturah was 'andsome once, too; seed 'er w'en she was a reg'lar hof-and-hout beauty; though you mightn't think it now. Times changes folks, yer know," said Mr. Harkins, in a moralizing tone.

"What made him steal, if his mother was so rich?" said Mr. Toospegs.

"His mother wasn't rich no more'n I be. S'pose she made enough tellin' fortunes, poachin', and stealin', to pay fur 'im at school; hand then when he grewed hup, and his cash gave out, he took hand stole the heart's plate. He denied it ball hat 'is trial; but then they had to do that. By jingo! he looked fierce enough to knock the judge and jury, and all the rest on 'em, into the middle hof next week, hif not further, that day. 'Twas no go, though; hand hover the water he goes to-morrow."

"Poor fellow! Mr. Harkins, I'm sorry for him—I really am," said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of real sincerity.

Mr. Harkins burst into a gruff laugh.

"Well, hif this ain't good! Wot fools folks

is! Sorry for a coove yer never saw! Wonder hif all Hamericans is as green as you be!"

After this sentence, which came out in a series of little jerks, with strong notes of admiration appended to each, Mr. Harkins relapsed into silence and the collar of his great-coat, and began whistling "The Devil Among the Tailors," in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city—the loud crash and din of which had somewhat subsided, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the lateness of the hour. The gipsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation—it having been carried on in a prudently-subdued tone—had wrapped her coarse cloak closer around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights of the city began to appear. One by one, they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bug-like stars, here and there; and in every direction.

The city was gained; and they were soon in the very midst of the great, throbbing heart of mighty London.

The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toospegs sprung out to assist the woman to alight.

But waving him away with an impatient motion, she sprung out unassisted, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted away in the twinkling of an eye.

"There! I knowed that she'd be all the thanks y'd get," said Mr. Harkins, with a hoarse chuckle. "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"Well, that don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure," said the kind-hearted Mr. Toospegs. "Good-by, Mr. Harkins. Give my respects to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold fellow," said Mr. Harkins, giving Mr. Toospegs' hand a cordial shake.

"You're a brick! How I'd like to come haccross one like you hev'ry night! Go right to Bob's, sign o' the 'Blue Pig,' St. Giles, best o' commodation for man and beast; but I told you that before. Tell Bob I sent you, and I'll call and see ye in a few days."

"You're very good, Mr. Harkins. I'll certainly tell Mr. Bob so when I see him!" said Mr. Toospegs, with a severe twinge of conscience at the deception he felt himself to be using; "and I'll be very glad to see you whenever you call. I'm very much obliged to you."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIPSY'S YOW.

"May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods deny thee shelter! earth, a home! the dust a grave! the sun, his light! and

mother's grave, by Him whom you worship, I conjure you to save my son!"

The haggard face was convulsed; the brow was dark, and corrugated with agony; the lips white and quivering; the eyes wild, lurid, blazing with anguish and despair; her clenched hands upraised in passionate prayer for pardon. A fearful sight was that despair-maddened woman, as she knelt at the stern earl's feet, her very voice sharp with inward agony.

He shaded his eyes with his hands to keep out the pitiful sight; but his stern, determined look passed not away. His face seemed hardened with iron, despite the deep pity of his heart.

"You are yielding! He will yet be saved! Oh, I knew the iron-heart would soften!" she cried out, with manic exultation, taking hope from his silence.

"My poor woman, you deceive yourself. I can do nothing for your son," said the earl, sadly.

"What! Do you still refuse? Oh, it cannot be! I am going mad, I think! Tell me—tell me that my son will live!"

"Woman, I have no power over your son's life."

"Oh, you have—you have! Do you think he could live one single day among those with whom you would send him? As you hope for pardon on that last dread day, pardon my son!"

"It is all in vain. Rise, madam."

"You refuse?"

"I do. Rise!"

With the fearful bound of a wild beast, she sprang to her feet, and, awful in her rage, like a tigress robbed of her young, she stood before him. Even the stern earl drew back in dismay.

"Then, heart of steel, hear me!" she cried, raising one long arm toward heaven, and speaking in a voice terrific in its very depth of despair. "Tiger-heart, listen to me! From this moment I vow, before God and all his angels, to devote my whole life to revenge on you! Living, may ruin, misery, and despair, equal to mine, be your portion; dead, may you never rest in the earth you sprung from! And, when standing before the judgment-seat of God, you sue for pardon, may He hurl your miserable soul back to perdition for an answer! May my curse descend to your children and children's children forever! May misery here and hereafter be their portion! May every earthly and eternal evil follow a wronged mother's curse!"

Appalled, horrified, the iron earl shrunk back from that awful, ghastly look, and that convulsive, terrific face—that face of a fiend, and not of mortal woman. A moment after, when he raised his head, he was alone, and the gipsy, Ketura, was gone. Whither?

(To be continued.)

Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND!

BY OLL COOMES.

CHAPTER XXI.

"OFFICERS OF THE LAW."

FRANK WAS NOT a little surprised by his discovery, for it threw a deeper shade of mystery around the islanders, and the legitimacy of their occupation, notwithstanding the asseveration of Zoe to the contrary. The telegram he had read off told him that they were guarded and watched over by "Scout," and that they were kept posted on the island as to what was going on ashore, by means of telegraphic communication. And then "Scout's" allusion to the Boy Hunters skulking around, seemed to convey the idea that they—the boys—needed watching.

Frank entertained no fears, however. He could not convince himself that the fair Zoe could be the child of a villainous father, nor that her associations were of a suspicious character. He was inclined to be more charitable toward the islanders from the fact that he had become enamored of the beautiful maiden. A feeling had sprung up in his breast, which he knew full well was the beginning of a first love.

As he sat alone in his tent, busy with his own thoughts, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a stern voice calling out, clear and distinct as a trumpet blast:

"Who comes there?"

It was Hubert Leland's voice—deep and full as the lion's roar.

"Officers of the law," was the response that came from out upon the bay, clear and distinct.

"What seek you here?" demanded Leland.

"A fugitive from justice—a boy criminal—whom I know to be with you," replied the "officer of the law."

Frank was startled by this announcement. He knew that there was some mistake, else the man was lying—trying to deceive the islanders.

He arose, and, dressing himself, was in the act of stepping out when he heard something like a sharp knife cut through the rear of the canvas tent. He turned in time to see the outlines of a human head thrust into a long slit in the canvas, and hear a soft voice say, in an excited whisper:

"Frank, flee! They are after you! Take one of our canoes in the harbor, and fly for your life! Go, I implore you!"

It was the voice of Zoe.

"I am no criminal, Zoe; therefore I have no fears. That man, whoever he may be, is a traitor and villain trying to deceive you all. I am ever so much obliged to you, Zoe, for your kind warning, but I shall not leave. Your friends will need my assistance, and—"

Further words were here cut short by the deep, stentorian voice of Leland:

"There is a youth here," he shouted to the "officer," "and if you can prove that he is the one you are after—"

"They cannot, father; they are trying to get aboard our island to murder us." It was Zoe who, creeping slyly to her father's side, spoke thus.

At this juncture Frank appeared from the tent. The moon was in the zenith, and the bay lay all aglare with dazzling splendor. Out upon the water, not over a hundred yards from the island, the youth saw a canoe standing. Two men were seated in it, one of them holding a white object evidently intended as a flag of truce.

"What have you to say, young man?" Leland demanded, turning to Frank.

Frank scanned the canoe and its occupants for fully a minute, then replied:

"There is a movement on foot to murder you all. That man is no officer, but a villain—one of the party, I dare say, that attempted to kill me to-day. His story is an infamous plot to get aboard your island."

"What evidence have you for such a bold assertion?" Leland asked.

"The simple fact that I am no criminal."

"But you cannot prove this to be so."

"No, not now, Mr. Leland; but if you per-

mit that canoe to come ashore here the truth will demonstrate itself; especially as to the treachery concealed behind that flag of truce. You are not a frontiersman, Mr. Leland; that I know from observation; neither am I, but I have learned by a short experience not to trust every stranger I meet. The border is a refuge for lawless characters, and so half the men we meet are possessed of the characteristic treachery and cunning of their associates, the savages. I know that man is a villain, for he has told a base falsehood."

A moment's silence ensued. Frank heard a faint clicking sound in the large tent. The battery there was at work, but it soon ceased.

Then Zoe burst from the tent and running to her father's side cried:

"Father, I have heard from Scout! He says look out for five Indians and two white men—that they embarked from the north side of the lake, and, hugging the shore, turned into the bay. They are enemies."

"Then you are right, my boy. Those two men are villains," said Leland. "The five Indians are concealed about the canoe."

Frank knew the source from whence this information had come, but affected ignorance of the fact.

"Sir Officer of the Law," shouted Leland to the man in the boat, "I have reason to doubt the truthfulness of your story, and must decline to allow you to land."

"In such a case, then, I will be justified in boarding you," replied the man in the boat.

"You will do so at your peril, sir. Two men can hardly contend with four. I presume, however, the old man said, by way of testing their cunning, 'that if I send the youth out to you that will suffice.'"

There was no reply, and the truce-bearer and his companion appeared to be holding a consultation. This silence lasted for several moments, when the man finally shouted back:

"I desire to search your island."

"Then, sir, your desire cannot be gratified."

"You will all suffer the consequence of harboring a criminal, now mind," threatened the man.

"There is no criminal here," and the words were flung back with defiant scorn. "You are a base coward to skulk behind a flag of truce—a treacherous poltroon! Begone at once, or, by the gods, I will blow you out of the water!"

The man dropped his flag and picked up a rifle from the bottom of the canoe. The polished barrel glimmered ominously in the moonlight, as the villain threw it into position. A bright jet of flame shot from its muzzle, and a bullet whistled close to the ears of Hubert Leland.

"A poor shot," muttered the old man, and turning, he walked calmly to the upper end of the island, where he threw aside the brushwood that guarded the entrance to the long, low tent standing there. He then stripped the canvas from its frame, and busied himself about something that an intervening bush concealed from Frank's view.

The men in the boat, strange to say, disappeared the moment the shot was fired, while the canoe, swinging around, began moving sideways toward the island.

"Ah, I see into it now!" said Frank: "you can easily distinguish half a dozen gun-barrels glimmering over the top of the canoe."

Scarcely had the last word fallen from the youth's lips, ere a broad sheet of flame was belched forth from the spot where Leland stood, and the thunderous crash of a cannon burst through the night, calling forth a hundred echoes from the recesses of the grim old mountains.

The island almost rocked under the terrific shock of the iron-lunged monster, and the recurring sound-waves compelled Frank to press his hands upon his ears to shut out the deafening roar.

All eyes naturally turned toward the canoe, or to where it had last been seen, for only pieces of it were now visible, floating about upon the water. Hubert Leland had, in a measure, kept his word—had destroyed the canoe, and, for all he knew, had blown the treacherous truce-bearer out of existence. At least, no sign of life, no cry of agony arose from the wreck that the solid shot of the little howitzer had made.

"I am so glad matters turned out the way they have, for all it is bad enough," said a soft voice at Frank's side, and gazing down, he saw Zoe, with a pale, yet joyous face, standing near him.

"The villains have received a terrible punishment," he replied.

"I knew you were innocent, Frank—that you were not a criminal."

"I accept your words as a very high compliment, Miss Leland—Zoe—as much as I am an entire stranger to you. And I am almost hourly being placed under obligations to you folks here. I hope I will get away before I become a burden, or lead you into trouble."

"Do not give yourself uneasiness about infringing on our hospitality. It is one of papa's virtues to be generous and kind to strangers whose faces bear such evidence of true honesty as yours."

"Indeed, Zoe," Frank began, but the little figure of a man stepped from behind a bush, and confronted them, rifle and hat in hand.

It was Idaho Tom, the Outlaw of Silverland!

CHAPTER XXII.

IDAHO TOM FACE TO FACE WITH ZOE.

THE sudden, silent and unexpected appearance of Idaho Tom on the island, struck Hubert Leland and his friends almost dumb with astonishment. That he had effected a landing without discovery seemed almost incredible; and yet there was the handsome, daring youth before them, while a canoe rocked on the tiny waves that chafed the shores of the island.

"Good-evening, friends," the youth said, with a polite bow; "I beg you will pardon my unceremonious intrusion, and allow me to introduce myself as Thomas Taylor, a romantic young vagabond by occupation."

"Ah, then you are Idaho Tom," replied Mr. Leland, advancing toward the youth.

"Yes, sir; the same," was the youth's response.

"I am glad, very glad to meet you, Tom, for you have rendered me an inestimable kindness in saving my daughter. Mr. Taylor, my daughter, Zoe Leland."

In her moment of joy and embarrassment, Zoe inadvertently extended her hand to the youth who had saved her from savage power; and in the silent language of a blush, acknowledged the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The touch of her little soft hand thrilled like magic through the form of the impulsive young outlaw; and for a moment his senses swam in a sea of infinite delight. He was confused with joy. It was the happiest moment of his eventful young life, and in his attempt to escape an exhibition of his embarrassment and overflowing joy, he stammered and blushed like an overgrown school-boy. Fortunately Hubert Leland came to his rescue.

"I am surprised, Tom, that you even dared

to venture hereaways, to say nothing of your success in effecting a landing."

"Sir, I took advantage of you, I must admit. When you were engaged with those outlaws and Indians, I stole over here from the west shore. I did not come, however, without permission. The Mad Trapper furnished me a canoe and gave me instructions to enable me to reach the island, if challenged by you."

"Then, it's all right, Tom. The Mad Trapper is a kind of a privileged character in these parts. So make yourself at ease, young man. This Mr. Frank Caselton—a youth who came here through an accident which came near terminating his existence."

"Mr. Caselton, I am pleased to meet you, and congratulate you on your escape," said Tom, extending his hand in a cordial manner; "are you a hunter, Frank?"

"An amateur only," replied Frank.

Zoe withdrew, as did Jamison and Roberts also. Leland and the two boys sat down to talk and watch for some new demonstration of the foe.

"Then the old trapper," said Leland, "thinks that Molock is at the head of all this mischief, does he?"

"He is positive of it," replied Tom.

"Why is Molock permitted to carry on all this devilry undisturbed by any one?" questioned Frank.

"I might answer your question by asking another: why is yonder mountain permitted to tower above us when if it was away we could see the sun rise?"

"But Molock is certainly not as immovable as yonder mountain."

"He might be conquered if we knew where his den is. But everybody is so busy in this land of hidden treasure that they can't take time to hunt down an outlaw."

"I judge then," replied Frank, "that you have not been long in this country—neither you nor the trapper—else you would know where Molock's headquarters are located."

"Do you know?" asked Leland.

"I do, most assuredly. I have been there—been a captive in his den, and know where of I speak."

"Can this be possible?" exclaimed Leland.

"When were you in his den—where is it?—and how did you get out? Tell us all about it, Frank!"

"Yesterday morning we made our escape. The stronghold is in a north-easterly direction from here, and in an almost inaccessible part of the mountain. To reach it we first enter a narrow valley which terminates in a dismal canon. This canon leads to a cavern or long tunnel opening into a little round valley shut in upon all sides by high shelving or perpendicular cliffs from thirty to a hundred feet in height. This valley is where Molock's quarters are. It can be reached on foot only by way of the cavern, although we escaped by means of a rope lowered from the top of the cliff by a friend. We were trying to escape from a party of savages when we ran into the outlaw's den."

"Well, this is surprising news," said Leland.

"It is good news—glorious news!" exclaimed Idaho Tom. "It will afford an opportunity for a little excitement. I haven't had a fight since the night I was caged with old Zedekiah Doss, the trapper."

"That was no boy's play of a fight," said Leland, fixing his eyes upon the young outlaw.

"Then it was you and your friends who came to our assistance?"

Leland smiled, but made no reply. His silence to Tom was an affirmative answer.

"Frank, do you think a dozen men well armed could capture Molock and his band?" asked Leland.

"It would be doubtful, unless you could surprise them. One man concealed in the cavern that leads to the valley could hold it against a regiment of soldiers. They might, however, be lured into the valley by means of ropes and take them unawares."

"Is it true that he keeps a herd of wolves there, or is it only an invention?"

"It is true. He has a pen built of stone, and in it are not less than one hundred wolves, old and young; and they are all that human mind can conceive of half-starved, ravenous, hungry-eyed beasts. The very stones that compose the walls of the pen have been gnawed by the hungry pack, and death itself rises from the pen in poisonous vapors."

"This is worse than I had ever dreamed," replied Leland. "I never credited the report for the reason that there seems to be no extent among the Indian tribes of the Pacific a traditionary story that a man herded wild beasts in the mountains and sent them forth through the country in an invisible guise to destroy the red-men. In other words, that he was the keeper and disseminator of death. And so the name of Molock has become synonymous with that of the grim monster."

"It is synonymous with Satan, anyhow!" said Tom; "but, friend Caselton, what did the old vampire propose to do with you?"

"Give us over to the tender mercy of his pets."

"He would not have done so, though," Leland said, "it would have been diabolical in a savage even."

"I believe he would, for human bones lay in the pen."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Tom, in horror; "of all the stories of crime attributed to saint or sinner, Jew or Gentile, this is the most hellish."

"Inhuman—monstrous!" cried Leland.

"Let us in the name of humanity and the great Jehovah, declare war upon Molock and his minions," said Idaho Tom, waxing eloquent with the spirit of adventure. "Yes," he continued, "let us wage a war of extermination against them. Such a curse should not be permitted to see its shadow in God's mirror, this lake of the clouds."

"I endorse your sentiments fully," added Frank, as the pretty face of Zoe rose up before his mind's vision, and filled his spirit with new strength and courage. In fact, both Frank and Tom had become inspired with the same feeling, by the same object. Both loved Zoe, and in warring against Molock and his band had their personal security in view. Each one, however, mistrusted the other of his regards for the fair girl. Love is keen-sighted and intuitively becomes warned of the regards and motives of other hearts toward the object of its affection. Thus forewarned of a rival, jealousy and envy follow the least advantage in favor of that opponent.

Idaho Tom felt that his claim to the hospitality of the islanders was paramount to all others; yet he saw in the handsome face of pleasant Frank Caselton a formidable rival.

The balance of the night was spent by the three watchers in desultory conversation; but by the first streaks of dawn all were astir.

After breakfasting with the folks on the island, Frank and Tom took their departure in the canoe which had brought the latter over.

The boys had grown quite intimate during their short sojourn together. Their naturally impulsive spirits flowed harmoniously together,

notwithstanding each considered the other as his rival.

As they glided out from the little island into the bay, Zoe waved them adieu. Each acknowledged the maiden's parting salutation by a wave of the hand.

They soon reached the shore, and having landed and concealed the canoe, walked into the forest, both maintaining an unusual silence.

They finally came to where the prostrate trunk of a fallen pine disputed their passage.

Without a word Tom sat down upon it. His face had assumed a flushed, excited look, and his eyes burned with some inward fire. He drew his revolver with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a rock before him, and then said:

"Sit down there, Frank. Don't refuse. I want to talk to you."

His voice sounded dry and husky, and his outstretched hand trembled like a leaf in the wind.

In obedience to his request, Frank sat down upon the rock facing him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BILLY BROWN'S ADVENTURES.

WE will now go back and look after our other young friends. It will be remembered that Wild Dick, the Boy Hunter, had undertaken to swim ashore after he and Frank had been left alone at the mercy of the waves by the breaking of the paddle; and not knowing but that Frank was close behind, the youth pushed rapidly through the water toward the southern shore.

The Indians seeing the manner of his proposed escape, turned back, and having effected a landing, endeavored to head him off. But Bold Heart, Billy Brady and Perry, who had also witnessed the adventure of their two friends, came promptly to the rescue, and driving the Indians back, covered Dick's retreat ashore.

As soon as he had reached the bank, the fearless young Boy Hunter gave a shout of triumph, and turned to see where Frank was. To his bitter disappointment, his companion could not be seen. With eager eyes he searched the smooth surface of the bay, but all in vain; no Frank was visible.

His three companions coming up at this juncture, related what they had witnessed concerning the fate of Frank.

Much of that painful load of fear was lifted from Dick's mind; still he was sorely uneasy, and assumed all the blame for the whole unfortunate affair.

"Then you are not certain Frank was killed?" Dick said, with manifest sadness in his tone and look.

"I think not," Perry replied, "for the reason that I saw him struggling in the water after he fell overboard. I am not certain he was touched at all by the savage's bullet, but he seemed perfectly helpless when the girl went to his assistance."

"Well, did not the luck," growled Dick, in vexation, "if I had a canoe I would go straight to that island and ascertain the extent of his troubles. I am about exhausted or I would swim out there, but the distance is much further than it appears."

"We will have to be patient and trust to fate," answered Perry. "That island may be the rendezvous of a band of outlaws; and then it may be the quarters of friends who will take good care of our comrade if he is only wounded. Here is your rifle and accoutrements, Dick. Frank's I will take care of myself."

"Well, what's the next confounded thrap we'll shlick our plagued noses into?" demanded Billy, impatiently.

"Getting nervous, ain't you, Billy?" said Dick.

"Och, now, and none av yer abuse, or b' the soul of me grandmother I'll hunt up a red-skin and let him scalp me."

"For Billy's sake, what course do you advise, Dick?" asked Perry.

"All we can do is to hang around this lake until we can find out the fate of our friend Frank."

At this juncture Bold Heart, who had been off watching the Indians, came running up excitedly.

"What is it, Bold Heart?"

"Inguns comin'—lots ob um," he replied, moving on without scarcely slackening his pace, and signifying to his companions to follow him.

"Tracks!" exclaimed Billy, as they all started off after the Indian youth on the double-quick.

They retreated back into the hills and concealed themselves among the rocks; but they soon discovered that their lynx-eyed foes were upon their trail and at once opened a vigorous, and not altogether ineffectual, fire upon them. The red-skins were forced to seek shelter, hiding among the rocks where not even the keen eyes of Bold Heart could ferret them out.

"We'll wait here until night covers our retreat, I am thinkin'," said Dick, soberly.

"I declare we spend a good deal of time waiting for the cover of darkness to help us out of our blunders," put in Perry, in a very matter-of-fact tone.

"Time is gittin' to lean heavy on me," added Billy, winking at Dick and Perry in a significant manner. "A game of cards would be a blessed thing to kill time, and—"

"Ugh!" ejaculated Bold Heart, taking the hint, "me play Billy boy game—two, three games," and dropping upon the ground he produced his greasy pack of cards and began to deal them.

"Yees are my chicken, Ingin; and begorra, it's not a game you'll git, so it ain't," said Billy, seating himself before the red-skin youth.

The game was soon under way. "Seven-up" was Bold Heart's hobby, and Billy was not a bit particular. He could play at any game.

The game soon attained a point where no little excitement entered into the contest. Each stood six points, and it was Billy's deal. The Indian stood upon the king. A low, pleasant laugh burst from Billy's lips when he had looked at his hand.

"Me beat Billy boy—bet chaw tobak," said the Indian, with a grim smile of delight.

"I don't bet nor chaw tobakker," returned Billy, "but I know what there's a skulp that says you can't beat me fur a skulp."

"Shake," was the Indian's ready response, extending his hand toward his opponent.

The two shook hands over the bet of scalp for scalp, though it is not to be supposed that either was in earnest.

Billy held the ace, and was about to play the card when a savage bullet whizzed through the air and picked the card from the youth's hand, as the report of a rifle rolled down the air, clear and sharp.

"Trump king," said Bold Heart.

Billy picked up the card, but to his surprise found that the Indian's bullet had perforated the center of the card, completely tearing away every vestige of the spot by which it was designated.

For once the young Celt was completely nonplussed; but claimed the game on the grounds

of having held the highest trump. But Bold Heart would not accept the piece of perforated pasteboard, and a friendly dispute at once arose. To settle the matter arbitrators were called. Perry and Wild Dick were the ones to settle the dispute. They decided that, as Billy's card could not be identified, as the card he claimed it was, it could not be admitted; and so the game was won by Bold Heart.

"All right, and it's Billy Brady that caves handsomely. It's your game, Ingin, 'cause the b'ys so say, and ye shall have yer scalp to help me, mother av Moses!"

Billy sprang to his feet, picked up his rifle, and without adding another word stole away—creeping behind rocks, leaping from cover to cover like a hare. No one knew where he was going, but all saw that he was set upon some object.

He crept along among the rocks and shrubbery for some three hundred yards, then descended a steep declivity to the edge of a little plateau, or valley sparsely timbered. Half-way across this opening was a low flat rock, resembling the base of a broken granite column; and directly in a line with this rock, on the opposite side of the valley, the keen eyes of the young hunter discovered the plumed head of an Indian projecting a few inches above the top of a sharp rock.

For Billy to bring his rifle into position occupied but an instant; but, quicker than a flash the tufted head disappeared.

Billy now dropped upon his hands and knees and found that the rock in the opening covered the Indian entirely. Knowing that he was concealed likewise from the Indian's eyes, the youth resolved to creep across the valley and gain a closer position to the foe; so he at once set out, keeping the rock between them, guided by a tall tree on a line with the Indian and rock. Singular as it may appear, the same idea seemed to have entered the savage's brain at the same instant, for he, too,

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid.
One copy, loose, 5 cents.
One year, \$5.00.
Two copies, one year, \$9.00.

In all orders for subscription be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any date number.

Take Notice.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose this in any except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be paid only when the money divisions are shown in full. All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to **BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,** 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Sunshine Papers.

First Loves.

"Whom first we love," 'tis said, "we seldom wed."
Ah! indeed! Mr. O. M. But shall I tell you why? Whom first we love we seldom love at all. That is not a paradox—it is simply that our first love is apt to be all moonshine, and when the sun arises the silver glamour we were ready to swear divine proves but a sickly light that pales into nothingness under the greater brightness, heat and strength. Yes, first loves are generally glamour, moonshine affairs that will not stand the realistic glare of prosaic, working-time day. Yet they are pleasant to remember—were remembered sometimes with a halo of romance lingering about them that hedges in the soul for years, until we are suddenly brought face to face with that old-time infatuation. Then are we wrapt in amazement at the reality of our idealism. We find that long ago we outgrew the little episode whose memory we have been cherishing with such heroic fidelity. Susan Maria, or Hezekiah, seems a totally different person suddenly met after this long space between the other days and these. Hair, eyes, voice, all seem different from what they were in the remembrance picture.

Or, you catch yourself shivering at the bare idea of spending endless hours in the intimate communion of wifehood with that man who has at this date not one thought in common with yourself, nor the capability to even understand your views and life.

Or, you laugh at yourself as at the prank of some silly child, when you endeavor to imagine yourself the husband of that shallow, dowdy woman and father of her neglected children. You see plainly that you have been cherishing a moonshine illusion. Probably you will go back to life wiser, and able to turn heart-whole and gladly to the sunshine.

Yes, 'tis true. We seldom do marry whom first we love. Our first love is so often the affection of a heart just awakening, the passion of a nature quite ignorant of its own powers and capabilities and wants, that the greatest mercy that can crown our lives oftentimes is the wresting of the drama from our foolish hands. It seems hard at first, as many a girl knows. Over first loves what fountains of scalding drops have been lavished; how many extra handkerchiefs have been added to laundry lists; what yards—what bookshelves of sentimental vows have been uttered, and heroics and hysterics indulged in; and what swollen eyes have recorded the finale to these pretty episodes. And yet, methinks, more bitter love has come to many mortals than their first love was the love they did wed, than to those who loved and lost to find in later years a more than recompense.

Did you never go along the wood-paths in early spring searching for a frail anemone, a knot of yellow-centered violets, a spray of fairy pink arbutus? As you discovered the first floral treasure how your enthusiasm grew to life, and you praised, and admired, and caressed, and cherished the tiny gift of spring-tide! By and by you found other flowers, oh! so much more perfect of form and color, so much more fully bloomed, so the incarnation of completeness beside the first poor, little, half-developed blossom, that you gave no thought to the flower you lavished so much tenderness upon as you found the perfected ones filling your hands.

So the first little bit of the spring-tide of life we pluck will surely show some day against the perfect blooms of our summer; and it may not be until it is too late for aught but a life-long acceptance of the mistake. Therefore, I say, the first loves shattered in time are often the crowning good to young lives.

A young man whom I knew saw his first love rudely buried, and received the blow with a mad grief that nearly cost him his life. For years he would not believe he could ever forget—certainly never replace the beautiful illusion. Time came when he was forced to a sudden comprehension of the infinite disparity between himself and the object of his first idolatry. Freed from his romance, he saw things in the light of reality. To-day he is the husband of a woman so completely his mate that their beautiful union seems more divine than human.

And there was Lillian—I'll call her that. How she worshiped the object of her first affection! And when a Providence most kind saved her from wedding that first love, all the light, and life, and trust, in her seemed pelt to death. But the years went on, and Lillian feels to-day that the best hours of her life were those that saved her from the self that she knows so much better now, and that has found such content and completeness that she smiles compassionately over the madness of its past.

And, indeed, there are scores of cases in every man's and woman's experience which prove, however pretty and pathetic that little reminder—"Whom first we love we seldom wed"—may seem in poetry, it is really in prose—a most blessed assurance.

Not that there are not some first loves rare and beautiful and unchangeable as eternity—they are the exceptions that prove the rule concerning the generality of such episodes. And since most first loves are childish, rash, impulsive, one cannot help picturing a millennium in which the first love of the youth should be a mother or sister, the first love of the maiden a parent or elderly friend, and so the life-love be a slow, matured, and perfect blossoming after thought and discipline and experience have combined with years to develop the youth and maiden into real manhood and womanhood.

But since we live in an age where girls and boys must needs play at being men and women as soon as they enter their teens, the little sentimental-sounding quotation will remain true. But for consolation to those whom it touches to hysterics, let it be recorded that first attacks of *la grande passion* are seldom

incurable, but, like Job's comforters, only leave the system in better order.
A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Chat.—Already Buffalo Bill has excited the envy of other literary stars. The Chicago Tribune says:

"There is the same jealousy among great literary people as is observed on the stage or in the studio. Buffalo Bill having written a novel, Miss Braddon exclaims: 'Happily, Fielding, Scott and Dickens are dead.' She might have added, 'And, unfortunately for the race, I am not.'"

Rather hard on the lady, but she, being a woman, is safe; Buffalo Bill never shoots a do!

FROM a letter before us we extract a paragraph or two:

"I've been 'summering' now for six weeks, and find playing lazy rather agrees with me in warm weather, providing the mind is kept from mischief. An idler, I find, is a very dangerous person. The old Ben Franklin, therefore, no matter how idle the body is, keep the mind pleasantly occupied. And, for that purpose, the popular weekly paper is a great invention. At least so I have found it."

"In my business life I never had time to look at these weeklies, and always thought them to be filled with literary trash, but this summer, when I first boarded, I found your paper and the *Letter* taken, and having nothing else to read, I took them up, and great was my surprise to find so much so delightful and interesting. I at once became a regular reader of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, for it seemed to me to be the best of all the popular papers—it read like more life and vim in it, and its authors seemed to have more backbone. I am, I suppose, what you may call the 'average reader,' so I write to give you my impression of your different writers and of your paper."

The correspondent's "impressions" are quite correct, on the whole. Authors who write nonsense, or talk in unnatural phrase, must not expect to find favor, for we can assure them that these "average readers" are capital critics, who ask for the best work the best writers can do. That's what we demand and usually give.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

TAKE an interest in what you do and what is done by other members of the household band. If matters do not go right to suit you, see what you can do in the way of remedying what has gone wrong. If you feel like scolding and finding fault, try your utmost to overcome that feeling. One word brings on another, and before one knows it, quite a little family war has ensued. I know it is very hard indeed to curb our passions, but the harder it is the more noble it is in us to do so. We'll feel far happier, by and by, to think we didn't give utterance to the angry thoughts that were almost at the end of our tongues, than to have to repent the hasty words we spoke.

Avoid unpleasant topics for conversation at meal-times, for passion and hot words are not the best things for digestion. If those times are the ones selected for quarrelling, the meal will not be looked forward to with much pleasure. But if peace, quiet, agreeable conversation and pleasant words are to be found there, it will be a time that will be remembered in long after years. Some parents like to cuff their children and scold at them between every mouthful they take, until I don't wonder the youngsters are glad enough to remain away from home; that they look upon meal-times as merely hours in the day in which to shovel down their food, as they would coal to a cellar, and get through as quickly as they can, to avoid parental admonitions. Can home be attractive under such circumstances? Can any one think that such things are conducive to keeping the children around their parents or inducing them with a love for their homes?

Talk with your children on pleasant subjects; let them see that you take an interest in their studies and plays. Don't say you haven't the time to attend to it. You should find time and make time to do it. It is a duty you owe to yourself and them. You were a child once yourself, and had just the same joys and sorrows that they are now experiencing. You'll not find the time wasted. It will bear good fruit in the end. Love your children, treat them kindly while they are young and they'll not turn against you when you are old and need their care and love for their homes.

It will be more to your credit if you are willing to give in to others once in awhile, and not be too doggedly stubborn and think, because you are once right, that you are never wrong. It is a much better way, if you desire to have a happy home, to acknowledge fully and freely that you have been in error when such is the case. There's nothing mean or dishonorable in acknowledging a fault, and it will make others in the household more willing to do the same. The great trouble of the many family disputes lies in the fact that neither are willing to give in to the other; so, instead of quenching the fire of temper, they only add fuel to it, to end in a volcanic eruption, divorcing them from wife and sending the children adrift in the world, and they will tell you that a happy home is but a myth. How can they think otherwise?

Don't domineer over your servants and those whom you employ to help manage the affairs of your household. Oftentimes the master is more to blame than the man; the mistress than the maid. Find less fault with those that do your work; show them where their error lies, and teach them what they do not know, and you will find it trouble to get along with them, and they will keep on longer with you and thus avoid the constant changing of domestics, besides making your household many times happier and have much less care yourself.

Many pleasant little words and actions go a great way toward mending family jars and keeping them well cemented. When it costs so little to render one's home happy, I wonder that there are so few of them around us. A home may have all the luxuries in the world, and its proprietors have more wealth than they know what to do with, but if happiness doesn't come with them, I wouldn't give one snap of my finger for the home, the wealth or the proprietors.

Those are just my sentiments. I love harmony and hate brawls. My voice is for peace, not for war. Give me contentment in a cottage to discontent in a brown-stone front. When you know how to make home happy, why don't you do it? EVE LAWLESS.

EXCUSE MY GLOVE.

A LADY correspondent writes: "Certain kinds of mistaken politeness, sincere as they are, are absurd enough to be grotesque. A common mistake of this sort, with some persons, is to say, 'Excuse my glove,' when they offer the hand to a casual acquaintance, or on introduction to a stranger. It might be inferred from this remark that the wearing of gloves is extremely rare in a civilized community, or that the wearer wishes to advertise the extraordinary fact that he has gloves. All he really desires is to appear polite; never suspecting for a moment that he is simply ridiculous. If you offer to shake hands with

any one in a place where it is customary to wear gloves, you certainly need no excuse for compliance with the habit. You might with equal reason, on receiving a visitor at your house, apologize for not removing your seat before bidding him welcome. The superfluous phrase probably had its origin in the days when gloves were clumsy, and used more for protection than as an essential of dress. Then the naked hand was thought to be an evidence of good-will and cordiality. Since gloves have been universally adopted, the idea of asking pardon for wearing them is an anachronism as well as an impropriety. Gloves are now made to fit exactly, so that, were it courtesy to take them off on encountering one's friend or acquaintance, an amount of time and trouble would be required which would inevitably render a social greeting at once a comical exhibition and a bore.

Foolscap Papers.

Chicken Notes.

I HAVE such an exalted opinion of a chicken that I would be proud to see it made the national star spangled bird in place of the eagle, which doesn't seem fit for anything particular that I know of.

I don't say that I care so much for chickens in the raw. I prefer them in a fried, stewed or roasted state, so much so that my friends affirm I should have a Rev. attached to my name—indeed, I have a very religious love for chickens, but not so much as to induce me to hunt around for them, after night.

I concluded to raise my own chickens, this year, and bought a dozen to begin on. I was going into the poultry business bigly, and the first thing to do was to buy a dozen of eggs of a very costly breed, for which I paid ten dollars. I put the eggs in an old barrel in the stable and crammed a chicken in with them, and put a board over the barrel to keep her in business. I took my wife out, then, to show her my plan of persuasion, and when she looked into the barrel she threw up her hands (hitting me on the nose with one) in surprise and exclaimed, "You old—I came pretty near writing fool!" that is a rooster!"

"Well," said I, "what's the difference; ain't it a chicken?"

"Yes, but roosters roost; they don't set," and she yanked that intruder out of there, re-modelled the nest and used her endeavors to get a hen to take charge of the concern.

By and by a hen came, and I thought of me that breed was all colors, and that, of course, extra fine; they ate very little and got very fat on it, never scratched in the garden and could come nearer laying hard boiled eggs (of which I am very fond) than any other chickens.

The next day for supper we had eggs boiled, and when we asked Biddy where she got eggs she said she found a whole nest full out in the stable and had brought them in.

I felt like cramming every one of them down her throat, shells and all. I didn't touch one of them, because I could not afford to eat eggs which cost so much, so I threw them out.

By and by our hens got to laying but they always went over into my neighbor's yard for the purpose, and I don't think that he ever wrung their necks and threw them back because they did so. It always looked to me like he tried to coax them over there if he didn't anything. He is not a hard-hearted man—only at times.

When I stopped up the crack through which they went they got to flying over the fence, until I had to tie a string and stone to their legs, and for some time I thereby prevented them from being spring chickens; it took much of the spring out of them.

By close management and hard setting, in due course of time, there was about one hundred little unplucked chickens swarming around the yard, and they looked so scraggy, without a suit of clothes, that I thought it would be a charitable act to tar and feather them, but I could not help looking with pride on those little earnest of future stews, and longed for the time when I should hear the music of their sweet little necks ringing.

I went out in the morning and saw almost every one of them throwing their heads up and opening and shutting their mouths in a way that made me think they wanted it to rain so they could get a drink; but they wouldn't drink. Then I, out of pure pity for them, got strings and began to tie their mouths shut, for it seemed that they couldn't help opening them, when my wife came running out, with dough on her hands and fire in her eyes, and asked me what in the name of sense I was up to. I explained the circumstances.

"Why, can't you see that they have got the gaps?" she cried.

I went out and that in the world did they get the gaps for?

Then the gaps which the gaps in a few days began to make in that litter of chicks were enough to make me gape, for it seriously threatened to undermine my ministerial hopes, and I began to see that it was a difficult thing to attempt to cultivate chickens.

It was egg-spectating. What the gaps didn't carry off the rats turned in and helped, and then a few I tramped on and flattened out.

What few were left were so very slow in getting ripe that in four months they were so little twelve of them wouldn't make a dozen, and I could have eaten seven of them and then not be much hungrier than before I sat down.

They are so small that sixteen or seventeen of them could go through a hole, single file.

They are so puny that they can hardly bear up the name of chickens, and the worm is always a little too early for them and succeeds in getting away.

Chickens lay in the daytime, but they are the greatest things in the world to sit up all night.

Chickens roost on poles, so it is as necessary to pole them as it is to pole beans and peas.

Thoughtful burglars are always careful enough to lift mine off the poles by the neck, so they will not squall and disturb my dreams—which is very kind.

I can pick a chicken to perfection—that is, I can pick out the fat ones; but I can't tell their ages by looking at their teeth.

Sometimes I am almost glad that all our chickens didn't survive, because every acquaintance I have signified his intention of coming down to see me when the chickens got in full bloom.

Chickens I have found are good things to buy or borrow, but you can't raise them to pay even with a derriek.

The roosters always wake me up by crowing several times a night, which is a severe crow-bar to my repose.

But I am ready to be invited out where ever chickens are roosting on a plate.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

WHERE there is much light the shadow is deep.

[This sweet tribute to the memory of Lettie A. Irons comes from her former teacher. The dear "Lost Lenore" left many an aching heart behind when she passed away.]

OUR LETTIE.

BY MRS. C. L. A. BENTLEY.

Gone, our beautiful hazel-eyed darling;
Passed from our vision our suffering dear;
Gone where bright spirits were waiting to welcome
Her, we were striving to keep with us here.

Scarcely a change—and she is an angel,
For pure was her record—happier her life:
Her sweet voice now silent, through trials could
utter

Never an accent of anger or strife.
Oh! in our hearts there is pain and sorrow;
Strong were love's fetters and willingly worn;
Deep in our souls theasket we cherished
Worshipped the jewel just now from its torn.

Whence do you wander, idol and loved one?
In your new freedom, oh! where do you go?
Off to the islands of tropical beauty,
Where the waters of life unceasingly flow?

Or do you linger round scenes of your world-life,
Watching and guarding your loved on their way,
Over rough pathways thorny and rugged,
Up to the mansions of sweet lasting day?

All these wild questions 'rise in our bosoms,
Yet we are sure with you "all is well";
Thus we leave you in care of the angels,
Lettie, dear Lettie, a long earth farewell!

Topics of the Time.

—Danbury has the champion patient boy. "He went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. 'I haven't anything but sweet milk,' said the woman. 'I'll wait till it sours,' said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair. But he needn't have waited. He only had to take the milk, go home and say 'it's ours.'"

—In the recent competition for the painting of the curtain of the Dresden theater, the successful candidate was Prof. Ferdinand Keller, of Karlsruhe, whose early life was passed amid the magnificent scenery of the river Amazon, where he gained an intimate knowledge of tropical nature, now richly displayed in his paintings. No great artist ever flourished who did not study deeply and long. No profession is more exacting of its pupils, and those who think that, because they have a taste for drawing and painting, they are going to succeed as artists, are much astonished when they learn, after a few months' trial, that their taste for art is merely a prelude to study. Patient, persevering copying from nature is the key note of all success in art.

—Woman Suffrage in Wyoming Territory is now announced as having resulted "in making everything as it was before, only a little more so." A good observer, writing from Cheyenne, under late date, says there has been no change—that they almost uniformly vote as their husbands vote—that they do not remain at all at the polls, but vote quietly and go home—that all classes of men treat them as voters with respect, and that every woman has a fair share of the fruits of woman suffrage, since the territory is very sparsely settled and the occasions for elections very few—all important offices being appointive. Still, the experiment has an interest in it as a success as far as it has been carried.

—Seeing the efforts making in California to put a stop to swearing, the Virginia authorities have taken heart, and in Richmond are enforcing the law against profanity—two dollars for every offense, whereupon the *Whig* of that city declares, that if every policeman and constable in the State would use ordinary vigilance, in the course of a year or two a sufficient sum could thus be realized to pay off the State debt. Here is a hint for New York and Brooklyn—a way out of their weary struggle with city debt. And Chicago—why, it would be the richest city treasury in the New World if such a fine were enforced on its people, for one year, but—how poor would its inhabitants become!

—At the Jardin d'Acclimation, in Paris, the Seyid of Zanzibar exhibited surprise at the zebra, and he was as much surprised at the zebra as he was at the weight of his own plume, and make themselves otherwise useful. This is the first place indeed at which this has been accomplished. The zebra is the true wild horse, and is a vicious brute. Our wild horses are not such at all, but they are not aboriginal. All the so-called wild horses on the Western plains, and in northern Texas, came from the horses brought over by Cortez and his followers. Before Cortez came there were no horses on this continent.

—Give a boy a market-basket of groceries to carry home, and he will swing it across his spine, and he will carry it to the grocery and growl with agony, but give him that weight of base-ball bats and he will skip along as merry as a potato-bug in a ten-acre lot. It makes all the difference in the world whose burdens we bear—our own or those of other people. At a scolding wife we can smile, but let your wife's aunt scold around half as much and it is mighty hard to bear. Reason why: we don't own the aunt, and do own the wife—that is, own up to her.

—We can have some idea of the riches now pouring into the coin circulation of the world by the stated gold products of California and Australia—about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars per year; but the great silver bonanza of the Comstock lode in Nevada is now yielding such products of metal as threaten to make silver as cheap as copper. One working in the vein, known as the "Consolidated Virginia," is sending forth a stream of ore worth \$2,000 per hour, or more than a dollar every two seconds. The stock of this mine is quoted at \$225 a share. Three years ago it was selling for twenty-six dollars. In one week it leaped to seventy-six, and is now at \$200. Such are the vagaries of Nevada mining stock. It is gravely asserted by some authorities that Nevada is literally seamed with silver-veins, at a depth which precludes their present working, but some of which, when opened, will quite throw the "big bonanza" in the shade.

—Speaking of the Pacific States, we are no longer justified in regarding society there as lawless and unrestrained. In San Francisco reform has gone so far that a man is fined for "using vulgar language." One of the Police Justices in that city has paid many times his own salary into the city treasury in the shape of fines imposed for this offense. But, we are told, the amount of vulgar language and profanity heard in private has been largely increased by his efforts to suppress it in public! Rather discouraging, it must be confessed, and yet they say "no more missionaries are wanted there."

—Harper's Magazine tells the story of a hired girl, going home on her annual vacation, left as a substitute an "educated" wench, and came back to find a very dirty house, whereupon she exclaimed, "I tell you what it is, Misses, you can't get no grammar and clean come out of the same nigger." This same impression prevails in other circles than "down-stairs." We heard, only a day or two ago, a wealthy business man aver that education had spoiled many a boy for a business life—that all the education a business man wanted he could acquire before fifteen, after that, the counting-room, or store, or railway office was his place. Those who think this way, we venture to say, are in the majority—for proof of which rather startling assertion observe that the majority of those now being instructed in a business life are not even educated up to the point of talking or writing good grammar. Notwithstanding our book boasted "general intelligence," this fact (which is readily verified) ought to excite a movement for reform.

—An English lady and her son died a few days ago at Heidelberg, poisoned by eating mushrooms. The gentleman and a younger brother gathered them in the woods, and on returning to their boarding-house, ordered them to be cooked for their supper, against the advice of the landlady. The brother and another lady, who ate of them, are out of danger, though still seriously ill.

Readers and Contributors.

To CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in advance.—No MSS. reserved for future editions.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosures, for such returns.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness, second, upon brevity, and third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is wanted, and carefully giving it its former page number.—A rejection by us means neither a want of merit, nor MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We decline "Aunt Rachel's Story," "She Won a Gem but Lost a Star," "Twilight," "The Storm-Terror," "Water Baiting," "How to Shock," "The Six Sisters' Sacrifice," "Love Me No More," "The Street Musician's Story," "A Mad Test," "Mr. Primrose's New Guest," "A Tough Flogging."

We file for use "A Memory," "A Friend's Son," "The Two Mates," "Many Years Ago," "A Slight Mistake," "The Beaver-kill Tragedy," "The Big Mustang's Revelation."

A. L. City. We never pronounce on a part of a MS.

G. G. S. No stamps. Can't return MSS. at our own expense.

ELLA M. We hear that Mr. Tilton is hard at work on a new novel.

OUTCAST. Do go to the home offered. Heaven will bless your efforts for reform.

N. E. W. Have written declining MS. proffered.

Miss A. S. S. MSS. returned as ordered. MSS. returned only when stamps are inclosed.

Readers, Chicago. See any Book of Games for checkers.

PRINTER'S APPRENTICE. Solution correct. See answer given last week.

RED EYE. Have no remembrance of your questions. All received have been answered.

A READER. Somerville. No MSS. reserved for future editions. Readers have just given the information you seek for.

GEO. ALMARD. The item giving Goldsmith Maid's great time at Rochester as 3:15 was a typographical error, of course, for 2:15. Lulu, who stood only half a length behind the Maid, is, we believe, over ten years old.

SUBSCRIBER, Orange. Nell Gwynne was a famous beauty who won the favors of Charles II. and for a time was a reigning beauty in the very aristocratic society of Charles' reign. She was of very old origin, but had much sweetness of character. Her associations were in keeping with that of many professed "ladies."

READER. Give a wedding gift at any time. It is usual to defer such gifts to the marriage-day, but that is all a matter of taste. A wedding gift is a gift in something that the lady is to wear it had better be presented a few days beforehand, for her own convenience in adapting her wardrobe or ornaments to it.

ACH ZIEKE. Your only course would be to push on to St. Paul, in Minnesota, or to one of the upper forts of the Missouri, from which hunters start out on their winter trapping expeditions. A hunter's life is one of severest hardship and peril, and is, really, very ill paid. We would advise any one desiring that of hunter and trapper, as a means of living.

L. E. B. South America offers some inducements to enterprising young men. The Spanish language is spoken in all its States, and is especially Portuguese is more generally in use. North Americans are everywhere found in the southern continent. The best route is by Panama, and steamers thence down the coast to Valparaiso.

S. O. L. Beadle's Dime Book of Verses is what you want. It covers all the themes of affection, friendship, love, etc., and gives valentines, verses for all occasions, tomb inscriptions, etc. It is compiled by one of our best living poets.

BUSSARD. Your industry and ingenuity argue well for your future. Every boy who can have a workshop and "kit" is a fortune teller.

A real good lather (the Eureka) can be had for \$9, or full-sized for foot power for \$15. A lather is a handy thing to have in your house.

Mrs. P. L. E. Queen Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Kent—fourth son of George III., and therefore cousin of the illustrious George IV., William IV., who succeeded his father, and the present son of George III. He reigned from June 28th, 1830 to June 20th, 1861—when Victoria, then eighteen years of age, was proclaimed queen. A special act of parliament had declared her of age, in spite of her being called to the throne.

GEO. N. J. If your sister craves sour things by all means let her have them. It is not an "unnatural appetite," nor one to be repressed, but, on the contrary, one to be carefully cultivated. Sour apples, acids like vinegar and raw lemon juice, are too harsh where used freely. Better give the acid in the shape of sour fruits, or lemons, or lemons, or lemons, are excellent. A craving for acids is a sure sign of biliousness or a low form of fever.

TOYON ARTIST. Fresco painting, as a calling, is made for success a high degree of artistic talent. It is painting with water colors on specially prepared walls and ceilings, demanding an intimate knowledge of perspective and chiaro oscuro, and a mastery of drawing. On drawing, the artist must work all the resources of drawing and effects. Most fresco painters in this country are Italian. A good artist in this line commands high wages—\$100 per week often being paid.

ORLANDO M. G. We don't know the best time made by several of the horses you name, but these we can give: Toronto Chief (under saddle) 2:24; California Danzel, 2:24; Lady Blanchard, 2:24; Green Mountain Maid, 2:24; No. 10, 2:24; The stallion, G. M. Patchen, junior, has made 2:28 and the horse, Commodore Vanderbilt, the same time. The horse, Babas Allen, was thought never to be a trotting horse, but he has made 2:24. This year's trotting has added magnificently to the turf time, proving, apparently, that our horses are becoming year by year more and more perfect. (See at Hartford) the astonishing time of 2:14.

VIOLET D. asks: "Why cannot a lady ride horseback alone in the city as well as in the country? Is there any impropriety in a young lady riding out with a married gentleman, and then, when she is ready alone in one place as well as another if she is independent enough to think so? There is no impropriety in riding alone, only it is not considered aristocratic. There is no harm in a lady riding with a married gentleman friend, occasionally, when all friends are agreeable to such an arrangement."

MARY V. H. Bristol, writer. "While visiting a seminary I became acquainted with a young gentleman of excellent standing, and he paid me most particular attentions then, and on my return home he wrote me a long letter, and he was very kind and attentive. I long for an explanation, but feel delicate about asking it. We are engaged, so am I not entitled to know the reason? I am a young lady, and

THE MUSTERING OF THE DEAD.

BY ERN E. HENFORD.

The moonlight drifted whitely down
Above the silent scene,
And gave the hills a silver crown,
And touched the slopes between.
I reined my horse beside the path,
And looked across the plain,
Where war's fierce sword had cut its way
Like scythe in ripened grain.

There, through a long and fearful day,
The battle's storm had swept
The bravest, truest men away,
For which some hearts have wept.
All day our flag along the lines
Had flung upon the air
The rainbow of its tattered folds,
Defiant in despair.

And all along the lines that day
The dying soldiers said
The dear names of the ones they loved,
And then, ah! they were dead!
Where cannons' mighty thunder rung
Dismay to wrong and right,
What lease had men of life or love?
What shield against the light?

And now how changed! I stood and gazed.
Across the battle-plain,
Where lurid fires of death had blazed,
God grant not all in vain.
No cry rang out upon the night;
No whirr of flying shell;
No rifle-crack from hidden pit;
No charging shout or yell.

So, full of silent, wondering thought
I held my quiet steed,
Where men had died when right was weak,
And stood in fearful need.
Then, dead and many dying men;
You, moonlight over all,
With soldiers' graves on either hand—
A grim and gloomy wall.

The hours went by. The round red moon
Sailed down the western sky,
And hung on the horizon a rim,
A lurid, baleful eye.

I looked toward the silent north,
And saw the smoke of battle
Proclaiming that the noon of night
Broke o'er the field of war.

What was that? On the silent air
Came the quick beat of drums;
I almost fancied I could hear
The hurrying of the bombs.
It was a wild, weird melody,
A strange and ghostly tune,
Played by some unseen drummer band
Beneath the harvest moon.

I started. On the pulsing air
A bugle's echoes broke,
And from their well-worn, honored sleep
The soldiers' horses woke.
Up from each lowly, grassy grave
A soldier's spirit rose,
And joined again the broken ranks
Which fought the nation's foes.

Adown the weird and ghostly line
I heard the war-drums beat,
And saw the phantom bayonets shine
Undimmed by death's defeat.
I saw our torn and tattered flag
Upheld by phantom hands—
The flag of many victories,
If not of many lands.

The ghostly leaders galloped by
Along the silent line,
And in the moonlight's mellow rays
I saw their sabers shine.
The golden emblems which they wore
Flashed like the northern star.
Ah! how they flashed three years before
On that same field of war!

The war-drums ceased. A silence fell
Upon the phantom scene.
I listened for the shriek of shell,
And rifle-crack between.
How silent was the solemn night!
No sound to break the spell
I shivered in a strange affright,
And whispered: Is it well?

Why stand these phantom leaders here,
Their faces northward turned?
Why rest they not for rest by them
Was well and nobly earned.
What issue wait they from the North,
That calls them from their graves?
I fancied that some voice replied,
"They wait no land of slaves!"

I heard a murmur far away;
It deep and deeper grew,
Like some old anthem, angel-sung,
One old, yet ever new.
Then on the strangely-throbbing air
Rang out a cannon-pistol,
It thrashed among the hills, until
I felt them rock and reel.

There was a flutter of the flag;
The bayonets rose and fell,
And each white face was lifted up
In thanks unrepeatable.
And out upon the quivering air
A cry rang o'er and o'er,
Until the stars shook, overhead—
"The Union evermore!"

The war-drums thrashed in stormy glee;
The bugles shrilly rang;
And in a harsher melody
I heard the cymbals clang.
Then came a hush. A phantom form
With stars upon his breast,
Cried out, "The land is free at last,
And we are free—to rest!"

A rapier drifted o'er the plain
One moment, and was gone.
I looked to see the flag again
Auroral as the dawn.
No flag!—no more! The silent field
Lay calmly in the night,
With all its gloomy soldier-graves,
Memories of the fight.

And then I knew the mystery.
The issues of the hour
Had called the warrior-sleepers up
In ghostly pomp and power.
Their loyal spirits could not rest
With liberty at stake,
And they were ready, at the word,
To battle for her sake.

God help us all! The right shall win!
Blood was not spilt in vain!
We see the future dawn begin
Above the hills of Maine.
The spirits of our loyal dead
Are with us in our need,
And speak, through every loyal vote,
The words for us to heed—
"The Union evermore!"

DEADLY-EYE.

The Unknown Scout:

THE BRANDED BROTHERHOOD.

BY BUFFALO BILL,

THE CELEBRATED SCOUT, GUIDE, AND HUNTER—

AUTHOR.

CHAPTER X.

PLOTING MISCHIEF.

TEN days passed away after the arrival of the train in the new settlement, and the peninsula began to present a far different scene, for the settlers had also staked out their farms, chosen the sites of their cabin homes, and had pitched their tents until their houses could be built.

No contention, no envy existed among them, and the future promised brightly, as the whole male force daily worked upon the stockade fort, which was to be the common center of protection for all.

Several days after their arrival Major Belden and his troopers dashed into the new settlement and was greeted with pleasure by all, for the officer at once set his men to work aiding in building the stockade and by many acts of kindness won the esteem of all the emigrants.

With this extra force the work went bravely on, and in two weeks' time the walls of the stockade were up, and the large cabin-fort was complete.

In those two weeks Major Belden had con-

stantly haunted Sibyl Conrad with his presence, and the maiden's kindness toward him he construed into a reciprocity of his affection, and commenced building up hopes of making her his wife.

Whether Howard Talbot had changed in his love for Sibyl none knew, as he was ever pleasant toward her; but, certain it is that he appeared to relinquish in favor of the major, and suddenly became devoted to Ruth, who, in the absence of the Unknown Scout, was willing to accept the attentions of the young man.

The desolate cabin of Alfred Carter had become the home of Howard Talbot, with all its surroundings. The settlers having drawn lots for its possession, and he having been the lucky winner, he at once installed himself in his new residence, at the same time intimating that, ere long, he hoped to have a housekeeper to look after his affairs.

Thus glided away the days at the peninsula settlement, or "Riverside," as the settlers had named it, and still the Unknown Scout remained absent.

One evening, the day prior to the departure of Major Belden for the fort, whether he had ordered Captain La Clyde, the morning after his arrival in the settlement, that he might have no rivals in camp, the young cavalry officer suddenly rode up, followed by half a dozen dragoons.

"Well, La Clyde, what news from the fort?"

"Stirring times, major, and the general bids me tell you to report at once, as he wishes you to lead an expedition to the south."

"Indeed! Well, we will depart to-night."

"Pardon me, major, but General Canton bids me remain at the settlement until our friends have their cabins built and crops in, and I am to retain command of twenty of your men."

Major Belden frowned visibly at this news, and compressed his lips as though in anger; but he said nothing and walked off in search of Sibyl Conrad.

Soon he found her seated upon the river bank, a book in one hand, a fishing-rod in the other.

"Well, Miss Sibyl, seeking food for both body and mind, I see," he remarked, pleasantly, as he walked up.

"Yes, sir, and both are the most agreeable occupations I could be engaged in."

"Indeed! I thought that you would be at least glad to see me, as I leave you to-morrow, or rather to-night, having been ordered to the fort to command a most dangerous expedition," and the officer gazed down into the beautiful upturned face to mark the effect of his words.

But Sibyl quietly replied:

"It is the glory of a soldier's life to participate in dangerous service; so I have been told."

"True, Miss Sibyl, and it is a soldier's duty to love, and also his pleasure, as I may safely say, for dearly do I love you. Pardon me, Sibyl, for thus abruptly speaking of this, to me, most important subject, but to-night I leave you upon a service from which I may never return, and if I fall, I would have you know that I loved you more than all else in this world. If my life is spared, then, Sibyl, I beg you promise me to one day be my wife."

Major Belden had spoken earnestly, and apparently with deep feeling, but, neither his words nor manner had touched the heart of Sibyl Conrad, who, rising from the bank, replied:

"Major Belden, you surprise and pain me by your words, for I have no love to give you, and never can have, though I shall ever regard you most kindly as a friend."

"Curse your friendship, Sibyl Conrad!" hissed forth the humiliated and disappointed man, and, wheeling quickly, he strode from the spot, leaving the maiden more surprised by this new phase in his character than by his declaration of love.

A half-hour more, and Major Belden rode forth from the settlement, his brow dark and lips compressed with internal emotion.

As he reached the edge of the prairie he suddenly came upon Howard Talbot, and bidding his men ride slowly on, he called to the young man, and when they halted side by side, he said:

"Mr. Talbot, can I ask if you had a rival what would be your course with him?"

Howard Talbot looked surprised, but replied almost fiercely:

"I would overreach him by fair or foul means, even were he my brother!"

"We think alike, Mr. Talbot. Now, let me ask you what regard you have for that prairie rover known as Deadly-Eye."

"None whatever, sir."

"Well, he is my rival."

"Then court-martial him for the crimes it is said he has committed, and hang him to the nearest tree."

"Good advice, sir, and I will follow it; Mr. Talbot, it will give me pleasure to see you at the fort as my guest, and I think together we can overreach the Unknown Scout. Good-day, sir."

"Good-day, Major Belden."

On dashed the major, and with a strange smile upon his face, Howard Talbot rode on, muttering to himself:

"Yes, he sees I do not like the Unknown Scout, and I will use him as a tool to rid me of my dangerous rival, for that Sibyl loves him I know. Then, my gallant major, when you have removed the scout from my path, I'll devote my attention to you and that handsome captain, for all that cross my love-trail must die, and arrow or rifle-shot from the covert of a motive will easily make those two officers food for wolves. Now I must go on and improve my time with the lovely Sibyl, who is the cause of so much mischief, and putting spurs to his horse he dashed on, to find upon his arrival at the stockade that the coast was not wholly clear, for the handsome face and form of Percy La Clyde was visible, sitting by the side of Sibyl Conrad.

With a smothered curse, Howard Talbot turned away, and the next moment met Ruth Whitfield with one of his sweetest smiles.

"Well, Talbot, one of your rivals has just gone," said Ruth, with a malicious smile.

"True, and I have another even more dangerous; but, it is the Unknown Scout that I fear in that quarter most."

"Yes, and it is he that I fear will be lost to me through her artful ways."

"Leave that to me, Ruth Whitfield, as I have before told you. You and I understand each other thoroughly. I love Sibyl Conrad, and you love Deadly-Eye; now we will plot that he be removed out of the way until I can marry her, and—"

"But no harm must befall him, Talbot, or you will find me revengeful," sternly said the maiden.

"Leave that to me; he shall be captured and taken to a distant tribe of Indians, whom I know well, and held there until I marry Sibyl, and then he shall be allowed to escape, and it will depend upon you whether or not you become his wife."

"She will not marry you if she believes him alive."

"No; he must be reputed dead, and that I will arrange; so give yourself no fear on that score."

"I cannot help it, Talbot. Do you know that love for that man has altered my entire nature, and I would take life if it stood between him and I," and the glitter of Ruth Whitfield's eyes proved that she spoke the truth.

"No need of that; all will come right in the end; only be my strong ally in all I ask you to do."

"I will say black is white if it but gains my ends," recklessly said the handsome, but love-maddened, woman, as she arose and walked toward her aunt who was approaching.

"Well, I am playing a deep game, but I will win. Yet I do not like her talking of revenge if harm befall Deadly-Eye; but I must risk her vengeance, and I will be willing to, after I make Sibyl my wife. I can lie to Ruth and say an Indian killed the Scout to revenge himself for the death of some of his kindred whom Deadly-Eye had slain. Yes, all will come right; it must come right, or I am ruined, and Many-Faces, as the Indians call me, will have to pass in his checks, or get out of this prairie country."

CHAPTER XI.

BEARDED IN DEN.

IN his private quarters of the fort sat General Canton, the commandant of the chain of forts upon the far frontier.

He was engaged in reading dispatches just arrived, and his brow was dark, his look troubled, as though the news therein contained was not pleasant.

Around the general were signs of comfort, and even luxury, for that far Western post, for his quarters were well furnished, and books and musical instruments were there with him pleasantly to while away leisure moments.

Touching a small bell, an orderly soon appeared at the door.

"See if Major Belden is sufficiently recovered from his fatiguing trip to come to me."

"Yes, sir," and the orderly disappeared to return in a few moments with the information that the major would come at once.

Soon after the major put in an appearance at the general's quarters, and was motioned to a seat.

"Major, I am really pleased with your trip, and I feel certain that those Indians on the Southern Agency will behave, at least for a few months; but I sent for you to learn what was the information you had regarding that desperado, known as Deadly-Eye."

"I have information that should hang him, sir; for years he has led a wild and reckless life, coming from none knew where, and to this day not a man on the frontier knows his name, or the mystery that surrounds him."

"He has committed several murders, I believe!"

"Yes, sir; he shot two soldiers a year or two since, and what for Heaven only knows. He has shot down Indians by the score, and I believe is in league with some of the hostile bands, and also with the Branded Brotherhood."

"Yet he has done a number of noble deeds, I have heard."

"They have had that appearance, general; but, there has been some underhand reason for it, I assure you. Now, on my return from the southward, as I told you this morning, I passed by the new settlement of Riverside, to see if they longer needed the service of Captain La Clyde, and all of a sudden the Unknown Scout appeared, after an absence of four weeks on some pretended trail, and demanded that I should let him have a dozen soldiers to accompany him upon some trip, which he pretended would rescue a young girl from captivity. I considered it some trap to lead my men into, and told him so, when he deliberately knocked me down. See, sir, here is the bruise on my left cheek!"

"He was most impertinent and daring, major."

"Yes, general, and I arose and rushed upon him with my sword, when, as quick as a flash, he wrested it from my grasp, broke it, and hurled me from him with a strength I believed no man capable of."

"The daring desperado! What did you then, major?"

"I ordered the men to seize him, but he hurled them aside, drew his revolver and strode right through their line, and I then ordered them to fire upon him, but Captain La Clyde, having a dozen of the settlers and Miss Carter throw themselves in front of him, and the troopers could not obey, and mounting his horse, the coward rode away."

"Not a coward, major; he is certainly not that, as bad as he is," said the general.

"Yes, sir, he is a coward."

"And you are a liar, Major Belden!"

The sudden reply, breaking into the conversation in a stern, deep voice, caused both General Canton and his officer to spring to their feet and glance toward the door.

There, just inside the portal, stood none other than Deadly-Eye, the Unknown Scout, his eyes blazing, and fixed upon Major Belden with a menacing light.

"What! ho! the guard! orderly!" yelled the startled officer, and again the deep voice of the Scout was heard.

"There stands one outside that door who would give up his life at my word, so you call him in vain. One cry more from your lips and you are a dead man."

Then, turning to the commandant, the Scout continued:

"General Canton, I did not come here, sir, to beard the lion in his den, but to meet you face to face as man to man, and give the lie to all that has been said against me, sir. Will you spare me a moment of your time?"

"With a revolver staring me in the face, sir, I see no choice, did I decide otherwise," replied the general, with perfect coolness.

"I will lower my weapon, sir; but, by the God above, if any motion to betray me is made, I will lay the man that attempts it. I came here voluntarily, to say that never have I raised a hand against the United States troops on this border, who did not first attack me."

"You slew two soldiers who once attempted your arrest, I learn."

"I slew two drunken soldiers who had boasted that they would take me alive and hang me without trial; they rushed upon me without orders from their officers. I warned them back; they would not heed the warning, and I shot them dead. You were not in command here then, sir, and heard only a garbled account of the affair from such as yonder man, who wears a major's straps, which I will yet tear from his shoulders if he crosses my path with evil intent."

"You speak boldly, Sir Scout."

"I know it, general; it is a habit I have. Regarding my killing of peaceable Indians, it is all a lie, though I make war upon all hostile bands. Now, sir, I desire to state why I

sought you here; first to give the lie to all assertions against me such as have been brought to your ears, and then to say that upon arriving at the new settlement, whither I guided the Conrad emigrant-train, I saw with horror that a cruel enemy had been there, and left ruin and death behind, for Alfred Carter, his wife and son had been murdered, and his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, had been carried off into captivity. Taking the trail of the bloodhounds, after days of tedious work, I tracked them to their kennel, and found that Ricardo, the chief of the Branded Brotherhood, had done the deed."

"Infamous!"

"Well, you may say so, General Canton; but, to continue: I tracked the renegades to their den, three days' journey from here, and for over two weeks endeavored in some way to get possession of the maiden, but in vain. At length, however, I disguised myself, and by night entered the stronghold, and sought the cabin where the young girl was held a prisoner."

"You were most daring, sir."

The scout smiled quietly, and replied:

"I risk life every day, general. From Rose Carter I learned that Ricardo was off on another raid, and only a few of his men were in camp; also that she was too ill to then leave; so I returned to the settlement, and meeting there Major Belden, begged for a few men to return with me. He refused, and insulted me, and I promptly knocked him down."

"Served him right," responded General Canton, who, astonished at the magnificent appearance and noble face of the man whom all called a desperado, and won over by his bold daring and frank manner, was rapidly leaning to his side. Before, he had believed the Unknown Scout some burly outlaw, a brute in appearance and acts.

"Thank you, general. I then left the settlement by forcing my way through the soldiers; and, returning to the outlaw stronghold, succeeded in effecting the escape of Rose Carter, who was greatly improved in health by the thought of leaving Ricardo's hated presence."

"She is free, then?"

"Yes, general; she is now in this fort, whither I brought her, half an hour since, for we were hotly pursued by the Branded Brotherhood."

"The deuce you were! Well, I will lead my men at once against them," said the commandant, eagerly.

"Hold, general! I have already seen Captain La Clyde, and, by this time, he has a troop ready. It was through his kindness I found you here, and the orderly outside of your door is a man whose life I have twice saved, and he bade me enter and clear my character, which Major Belden was defaming. Now, general, if you will just give an order to see that poor Miss Carter is comfortably looked after, I will guide you in pursuit of Ricardo and his men."

"Miss Carter shall be the guest of my wife, Sir Scout, and I will at once follow you. Major Belden, you have, for some reason, I am certain, misrepresented this man's character to me, sir, for I am confident he speaks the truth. Be more careful in future, and until my return hold command of the fort. Come, Scout."

So saying, the general walked from his quarters out into the court of the fort, where Captain La Clyde's troop of horse was drawn up ready for the march.

Presenting the general to Rose Carter, whose beautiful face was most sad-looking and pale with fatigue, the kind officer at once conducted her to the apartments of his wife, and returning soon after mounted his horse, and with the Unknown Scout by his side, and Percy La Clyde and his troop following, dashed rapidly away from the fort, leaving the crestfallen major swearing hatred and revenge upon all who crossed him, from the general down to the drummer boy.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,

AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

A RASH ACT.

THREE days passed, and the household was in mourning. Mrs. Stanley's transient improvement after that evening was delusive. Hopes were entertained that she would regain strength till two hours before the end came, and that was awfully sudden.

The blow fell on Olive most heavily.

She was stunned at first. The nurse could hardly prevail on her to quit the death chamber. When led into her own room, she sat for hours in a child stupor. She did not weep; she gave no outward sign of the grief that had crushed her. She would not touch the breakfast or the lunch that was brought to her, and which the nurse begged her to eat. She would not taste the wine held to her lips. She seemed almost unconscious of the calamity that had turned the house into a place of gloom.

Mr. Sherman dined there, and sent up a request for Miss Weston to join him and Mr. Hamilton; but she refused to come. On the morning of the second day, a dirty card bearing the name of "Richard Lumley" was brought to her. She started when she looked at it, and then dropped it as if it had stung her; but she would not go down. She seemed roused, however, out of her abstraction. When the maid came with a tray, and again begged her to take food, she complied mechanically; ate a few mouthfuls, and drank a cup of tea; then asked for the key of the room in which her dead friend lay.

The nurse brought her the key, and took her to the door of the room; but Olive would not permit her to go in. "Leave me alone," she entreated, and she went in, and closed the door.

The room was dark from the closed blinds, but two of the gas-jets were alight. A rigid form lay upon the bed, covered with a snowy sheet. Olive went up to it, and reverently lifted the covering from the wan face. She touched the cold forehead; a shiver ran through her whole frame; and falling on her knees, she burst into a tempest of tears and sobs.

It was the wail of a heart bereaved of its only friend—its only hope. With passionate grief she apostrophized the lost one, and pleaded her own desolation. But the weeping did her good; it saved her brain from a pressure that might have killed her.

Hours passed. At last she rose and replaced the covering over the white, waxen face, on which she had pressed farewell kisses. She went out of the room, locking the door, in which she left the key, as she heard the maid

coming up-stairs. She went into her own room, and took up Richard Lumley's card.

It seemed to remind her of a forgotten duty. "It shall be done," she repeated two or three times. "The letters shall not be seen by any human eye. I have the keys." She felt them, still attached to the ribbon. "But I must wait till they are gone—to-night."

When Mr. Sherman, after the dinner hour had passed, sent up again a request that she would come down, she went, and saw him in the drawing-room. He wished to consult her upon the arrangements for the funeral Mr. Hamilton had left everything to her judgment. He had been absent all day, and had left word that he would not return that night, though he would be in the city early on the following day, and would attend his deceased relative to the cemetery. He had sent his respects and condolences to Miss Weston, and had begged her to order everything according to her own wishes.

The details of the sad ceremony were speedily settled, and Mr. Sherman charged himself with carrying them out. This he did as an old friend; another legal adviser, consulted frequently of late, Mr. Reynolds, having claimed to represent Mrs. Stanley's interests. Sherman did not precisely understand what he meant; but all would soon be made clear. It would not be proper for either to enter on business matters till after the funeral.

At ten o'clock Mr. Sherman took leave, and the house was still. Olive saw the nurse going up to bed, as she left the drawing-room. The other servants had retired.

The girl took up her candle—for the lights were out in the hall—and descended to the library.

The room was large and lofty, but well warmed by the fire which yet burned cheerfully in the grate. Olive turned the key in the door by which she entered, and glanced timidly around the room, looking well into corners where the shadows lurked. Then she went to the Indian cabinet, and set her candle upon a marble stand near it.

She opened the door and the drawer with her keys, took out the drawer and felt for the secret spring. A narrow compartment flew out, full of papers. The packet of letters was there, but upon them lay a fresh one, addressed "To Olive Weston," in Mrs. Stanley's handwriting.

The girl took this letter and opened it.

Yes; it was addressed to her. The first sentence, "You will read this, darling Olive, when I am no more," quickly arrested her attention.

The letter had been written to explain Mrs. Stanley's reasons for the latest will she had made—bequeathing the bulk of her property to Olive Weston.

The letter nearly fell from the girl's hand as she read this. "To me!" she repeated, bewildered.

She had to collect her thoughts before reading further. This bequest, Mrs. Stanley stated, had been made in the hope of bringing about the union she had so ardently desired, between her nephew and the daughter of her love.

"I know that in heart you belong to each other," the letter continued, "but you are opposed to Claude's wishes, on account of a scrupulous feeling that fortune has lifted him above you. Therefore I bestow the advantage of wealth upon you, my child. You alone can make Claude happy, and you will accept him when you can bring him fortune. He has therefore only a small legacy. He must receive from your dear hand the riches I have always meant should be his. And you, dearest girl, will not thwart my design. From the world unseen, if permitted, I shall come to you, and bless my united children."

Like a statue in marble stood the girl when she had finished reading the letter. Her face was white and set; a kind of horror seemed frozen in its expression. She—the heiress! Claude disinherited for her! He—who cared not for her—reduced to the alternative of bitter poverty, or accepting his own from her hand! Then a tide of crimson swept over her face. She seemed to hear his voice protesting against the cruel injustice; she seemed to hear him say he preferred poverty to a chain binding him to an unloved wife.

Quickly she turned again to the receptacle of papers, and drew out a bulky-looking document. It was labeled "Last Will and Testament of Maude Stanley," and bore a recent date.

Yes—that was the will. She tore it open with trembling hands, and read it through. An annuity—five hundred dollars—was left to Claude Hamilton—named as the testator's "dear nephew"—and the residue, in real estate and money invested in bonds and mortgages, was bequeathed to herself!

This was the will which, in a day or two, when the funeral was over, would be brought forth by the lawyers, and proved in court; and she would find herself in possession of all, and Claude deprived of his inheritance, and driven from his home to labor for his bread.

Would he accept his birthright as the price of his liberty; would he stoop to ask her to marry him because she was enriched by the spoil torn from him? Or would she lower herself to say that all might be restored to him on the condition prescribed by his aunt?

"Oh, how mistaken! how wrong!" she exclaimed. "How could he be happy, forced to marry one he despises? He, who loves and is pledged to another! And if I resigned all to him, he would not accept it as my gift! No—he would go, and welcome poverty. This shall not—shall not be! If there is no will—did not Mr. Sherman say Claude would inherit everything? Then there is the will he drew up, leaving all to him! That will be found!"

She walked swiftly across the room, and laid the bulky paper on the fire. It was scorched and shriveled with the heat, and presently burst into flame. Olive watched it till it was consumed into light ashes.

She looked up, as if invoking the spirit of her benefactress

"It is very strange," Mr. Reynolds was saying. "I drew up a will for the old lady scarce six weeks ago; it was duly executed, and she took charge of it herself. It must be among her papers."

"Do you remember its provisions?" asked Mr. Sherman.

"I remember them, but Mrs. Stanley's special request was that I should never speak of them to any one."

"But if we cannot find the document—"

"The more reason I should keep silence. She may have changed her mind and destroyed the will. It was an eccentric one, and a mischievous might have been made, had its provisions become known."

"Have you looked in that?" asked Hamilton, pointing to the Indian cabinet.

"No—did she keep papers there?"

"She did, and always had it locked. Let us send for the keys."

This was done. The housekeeper found the keys in Mrs. Stanley's escritoir, where Olive had put them, after fulfilling her friend's last request.

Claude opened the cabinet, and pulled out one drawer after another. They were full of relics and curiosities, but no papers of importance were found. Then he remembered having heard his aunt say there was somewhere a secret receptacle, opening with a spring. It took them some time to find this; but when revealed, it contained nothing like what they sought.

"Plainly she has destroyed the late will of which you spoke," Claude said to Mr. Reynolds.

The gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought it as likely as not she would," he said. "It was a foolish idea of hers, and to humor it went against my inclination. I am glad she thought better of it."

Mr. Sherman fancied that in the last will she had left a large part of her fortune to the returned convict, and was of the same opinion as the other lawyer. There was but one way of disposing of what she had to leave, he opined, glancing at young Hamilton.

"We must fall back, then, on the will I drew up some three years since," he remarked. "Was that placed in your charge, Mr. Reynolds?"

"I was not here at the time, you remember. I came from the South after the death of my late partner, Mr. Brandon Hall."

"True; then he had it in charge."

"There was a fire, you know, a month before his death, and his premises were burned. The loss—for he was not fully insured—was a heavy blow to him; I always thought it killed him. His papers were consumed, except a deed-box one of the clerks saved. But Mrs. Stanley's leases and mortgages that were among his papers. She kept them in a box of her own at the Bank."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Sherman, beginning to pace the room. "The will was not among those! It must have been burned."

A silence fell on the group.

"Send for Miss Weston," at length suggested Mr. Reynolds. "She may know something of the last will."

A servant was dispatched to request the presence of Miss Weston and the housekeeper.

The latter was closely questioned, but had no knowledge of her mistress having hidden or destroyed any papers. Olive evaded the inquiries made of her; she had not been in Mrs. Stanley's confidence as to her disposition of the property; indeed, Mr. Reynolds testified that the testatrix had been particularly anxious that she should know nothing.

When she heard Mr. Sherman say that no will could be found, she turned with a smile to Mr. Hamilton, and held out her hand.

"I would congratulate you, Mr. Hamilton," she said, with dignity, "were not the occasion so mournful; but you will allow me at least to say I rejoice in the knowledge that you are the inheritor of all your aunt's possessions."

"Yes," echoed Mr. Reynolds, "as heir-at-law, he is master of all. He must take out letters of administration."

"I suppose so," added Sherman. "The fellow who came here the other day, and claimed near relationship, is of no consequence. The lady never acknowledged him."

"Any legacies named, Mr. Sherman, in the will you drew up, and your fees as executor. I shall be happy to allow. You were named as executor, I understand," said Mr. Hamilton.

"I was, certainly. And I remember all the provisions. But that will may not have expressed Mrs. Stanley's latest wishes."

He glanced at Olive, who sat in a chair in the corner, her eyes fixed on her mourning-dress, the folds of which swept the carpet.

A servant entered hastily, and brought in a card on a tray, which he presented to Mr. Sherman.

"Richard Lumley," repeated the lawyer, reading it.

A shabbily-dressed man had followed the servant, and now pushed into the room, hat in hand. Sherman recognized him at once for the disreputable individual who had once before called, demanding to see Mrs. Stanley.

Olive looked up, and her face blanched with a vague terror. She knew the intruder had some sort of a claim upon her benefactress; for she had known of his receiving money on demand more than once during her last illness.

The housekeeper, too, knew him, as the person to whom she had given what her mistress sent. But neither said a word.

The stranger man had now shuffled fairly into the room. The servant stood behind him, as if waiting for the order he supposed was coming, to show the intruder the door.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Sherman, without any sign of recognition. "May I ask your business, sir?"

"I know that very well," rejoined the stranger, turning round his hat in his hands. "You are having a meeting on business, and are puzzled that no will has been found."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I have sources of information. I have a lawyer, too, in my pay; and I come here by his advice, to ask you plump—is there a will, or did the old lady die without one?"

The two lawyers whispered together.

"We can answer no questions put by a stranger, unless he proves his right to ask," replied Mr. Reynolds.

"Well—I have a right, and can prove it and my interest."

"What do you know about a will?"

"I only know that if she made one without giving her only brother his share—and that is the whole—she did a mighty mean thing."

"Silence, sir!" said Mr. Sherman. "You may leave the room, if you use such language."

Young Hamilton advanced a step or two, a flash in his eyes, as if he would expedite the departure of the intruder.

The man coolly drew a chair forward, and seated himself, depositing his hat on the floor.

"You will find I am not to be frightened from my claims," he said, with an air of dogged determination. "I may turn the tables on you all presently."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Reynolds.

"I sent in my card. My name is Richard Lumley, and the late Mrs. Stanley was my half-sister."

Mr. Sherman turned to Mr. Reynolds.

"I need not remind you," he said, in a low, impressive tone, "that this kind of imposition is often practiced. Any stranger might walk in, and assert himself a relation."

"But he might not be able to bring such things as a certificate of birth and baptism—eh? or a bundle of letters from the deceased, or other proofs that will stop your mouth, and teach you manners, my fine fellow!" put in the stranger, insolently.

Hamilton strode up and seized the man by the shoulder.

"If you cannot behave with decency," he cried, "you shall not remain in this house."

"Oh, ho! my cock-of-the-walk," retorted the intruder. "I don't wonder you want to be rid of me! But it's no go! I'll knock all your pretensions into smash, with my proofs, in a minute or two."

"Bring out your proofs, then, and hold your tongue!"

"I have them here—at least the copies; the originals are in my attorney's strong-box. I've been getting up the case on the sly all this time," with a leer at Sherman. "I'll trust you with the copies."

He drew a bundle of papers from his pocket, filed and labeled in legal fashion.

"And supposing it does turn out"—remarked the elder lawyer—"that you are what you pretend to be, you prove yourself a—"

"A knave, you would say; and a convict to the back of that! You have heard of me, I find! Well, I'm not ashamed of the State prison odor that hangs about me! My sister's money can make away with all that, and turn me into a perfumed exquisite, as dainty as this strutting young rooster, who has pecked in her barnyard so long—eh?"

Olive was gazing in a trance of horror at this man; now she shuddered with a tremor from head to foot. The idea that she had done something terrible, which she could not undo, first dawned on her apprehension.

"Now where's the use?" proceeded the self-confessed convict. "of shuffling off or shirking responsibilities! Best let me send for my legal adviser, and settle the matter at once. Here I stand for my rights!"

"A villain and a convict!" muttered young Hamilton, with a groan of dismay.

"Exactly; I don't want to shirk the truth. I have no objection to sketching my history for you. After my sister Maude's marriage to John Stanley, a coolness fell between us; he never forgave a little practical joke of mine, by which I tricked his bankers into paying a check for three thousand dollars, that he never drew."

"You were guilty of forgery!" exclaimed Claude.

"You must allow it hard that my brother by marriage should make a fuss about such a trifle; but he did! I went to California. I had a jolly time there before I got into trouble. Well—I won't go into particulars on that head. I saw the inside of a prison more years than I care to remember. I served out my time honestly; and see, my reward at last! The persecuting brother-in-law amasses a large fortune; he dies and leaves it to his widow, who obligingly does the same, leaving no will, and the coast is clear for me to walk in and take possession of the whole!"

The thrill of disgust at the chuckle which followed this speech went through every one present. Sherman was first to recover himself.

"You are reckoning without your host, sir," he said, sternly. "Even supposing you are able to prove yourself the relative who was a shame and disgrace to my late respected client, whose existence she concealed, and whom she never recognized, that would not place you in possession of her property! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

"Where is the nephew?" asked the man, a hideous leer of triumph in his bronzed face.

Sherman nodded toward young Hamilton.

"He the nephew?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Stanley had a sister as well as a brother."

"I grant that."

"The sister married Mr. Hamilton, a respectable merchant of this city; though he was not fortunate in business. This young man is the son of Mrs. Hamilton."

Richard Lumley threw himself back in his chair, and laughed loud and loudly.

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

"Don't put yourself in a passion, young fellow!" he said. "You have a certificate of your birth, I suppose?"

"That is not necessary," interposed Sherman. "On the death of her sister, who was a widow two years, Mrs. Stanley adopted her son—her own nephew—and educated him. His home was always at her house."

Her own nephew! his hal! That is the point of the joke that tickled me! A brother can inherit but half while there is a nephew."

Only when Claude came up threateningly, as resolved to turn him out of the room, did he recover himself.

able young man's history. Quite a romance, is it not? His adoption—his ignorance of his real parentage—my sister's late act of justice in dying intestate, and my walking into her entire fortune in spite of you all! ha! ha! I will leave the documents with you; there's no risk; they're only copies, you see. I shall bring my legal adviser to dinner!" And with a mocking bow, he shuffled out of the room.

Olive had started from her seat when the fatal truth was disclosed, and its full meaning burst on her tortured brain. Vainly she had struggled, through the scene that had just passed, for strength to speak, and tell what she had done. But she knew not how to begin. No one but the housekeeper noticed how deathly white her cheeks and lips had grown; how she staggered as she tried to move; till just as the man who claimed everything passed from the room, she gave a wild, gasping cry, and fell on the floor in a dead swoon.

The others rushed to her assistance. Claude raised her in his arms, and bore her to a sofa at the end of the library. The housekeeper ran for water, and Sherman, with an exclamation of pity and regret that she had been overtasked in her weakness, helped to chafe her hands.

"We had better have her taken up to her room," he said, when the housekeeper returned. "This scene has tried her too severely. Poor girl! she has been so devoted to our deceased friend!"

"She has scarcely slept a night this week!" exclaimed the good woman. "No wonder her nerves broke down. Let me carry her, sir. She is light as a child."

But Claude Hamilton would not permit her to lift the insensible girl. He raised her in his arms, and followed the housekeeper to Olive's chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EARLY FRIENDS AGAIN TOGETHER.

Two days later, a private carriage stopped before the door of the house in West Fort-second street. Out of it stepped a lady, richly though quietly dressed, and ascended the steps to ring the door-bell.

She asked for Miss Weston, and was told she was not well enough to receive any visitor. But she persisted; giving her card to the servant, and saying she would wait in the parlor till she brought the young lady's answer.

In a few minutes the man returned, and begged the lady to walk up-stairs. Miss Weston would see her in her own room.

Once more the friends, who figured in the first part of our story, were clasped in each other's arms. Ruhama in the bloom of health and beauty; Olive, pale, wasted, dejected. In the months that had passed, how much had occurred to both, which the other was anxious to know!

"I have come for you, Olive," Ruhama said, when they had talked awhile. "I shall take you home with me."

"Ruhama!"

"Oh, I know what you would say—I am too gay for a mourner like yourself! My dear, I am one of the disconsolates at present. My husband is away, and my house is the picture of desolation."

"General Marsh absent! But he will soon return, and I should be a blot on the gayety of the scene."

"No, he will not return in such haste. To let you into a secret I would not hint to any one else, we have had a little misunderstanding."

"Oh, Ruhama!"

"Do not leap to the conclusion that I am to blame; for I am not. You must know, he is one of the most jealous men in existence."

"Is it possible?"

"He confessed to me, before our marriage, that he could easily be driven mad with jealousy. But I gave him no cause, and we have been a pair of turtle-doves all these months. But the other night I went to Mrs. Lyndon's party, and met Emily St. Clara, who gave me the miniature her brother had promised me for my wedding."

The demon of jealousy had inspired the General to follow me secretly, and spy out any flirtation in which I might indulge. He saw me receive the miniature and put it in my pocket. He has always had a suspicion of Wyndham. He took me into the conservatory after supper, snatched the picture out of my pocket, abused me shamefully, and told me I should go home alone."

"How dreadful! But he was soon penitent?"

"He did not come home that night, and I have not seen him since."

"Write to him, Ruhama; tell him how he has wronged you."

"My dear, I do not know where he has gone! I said to him all I could; that Wyndham had been like a brother, and all that; but he would not listen to me. No, Olive, I shall not write. He may get over his absurd pet as it pleases him. Meantime, I am all alone; and I don't like to go anywhere, or accept any invitations. People would make a talk, you know. I was thinking of you, when I saw Mrs. Stanley's death in the papers."

Olive pressed her hand to her eyes, aching from the tears they had shed.

"You must come with me. You have no idea of remaining here, of course?"

"Certainly not. I have had everything packed and ready to go, for three or four days."

"All right; come, then; and I will send for your luggage."

"I was going to a private house—Mrs. Van Brugh's—in Thirtieth street. It is the best place for me."

"No; the best place is with the old friend who needs you; whom your presence may save from some act of madness or folly. I am utterly disgusted with being alone; and my pride will not let me take blame I do not deserve. You shall be my guardian-angel; we will bear each other's burdens."

"I would not load you with mine, dear Ruhama."

"I have the burdens of two to bear, you know. Oh, Olive, never be persuaded to marry."

"I am not likely to be!"

"Can that be! and you in the same house with Claude Hamilton!"

"Hush, my friend! You must not link his name with mine. He is engaged; you must have heard of it!"

"Can that be true! And was the misunderstanding with you never healed up?"

"How could it be! Mr. Hamilton only lately returned from Europe—hardly three months since. I saw very little of him; I would have left this house when he came, but Mrs. Stanley would not hear of it; and she was so ill! I could be of use to her, and it was my duty to stay. Ah, I wish I had gone! I wish I had gone!"

The girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into a storm of passionate weeping.

"Come, child, you are sadly nervous," said Mrs. Marsh, caressing her. "Where is your bonnet and mantle? You shall come with me, and I will cheer you up—downcast as I am."

"Oh, Ruhama, you do not know how miserable I am!"

"I know you have lost a loved friend—"

"And wronged him she loved; ruined him! He ought to hate me, and curse me!"

"I do not understand you, Olive! Have you done anything to injure Mr. Hamilton?"

"I have done him a fatal injury. I cannot undo it. Confession will not restore his right! Only the maddening remorse of guilt is left me!"

"I cannot imagine any evil you cannot remedy, as far as he is concerned. But you want counsel, Olive."

"I dare not seek it; they will not believe me if I confess!"

"Confess what! You are beside yourself, Olive!"

"If I could only die! But I could not even die in peace!" And the wretched girl wrung her hands in despair.

Mrs. Marsh heard steps at the door, and ran to open it. The maid was there, and in a whisper she asked her to bring Miss Weston's cloak and bonnet, and to put in her sashel such things as she might immediately want.

With her own hands Ruhama put on the things—vanquishing all resistance, and led the girl down-stairs, bidding the maid have the luggage ready when she should send for it.

Olive suffered herself to be placed in the carriage. She was utterly exhausted, and Ruhama held a bottle of salts to her nose, fearing she would faint. When they arrived at General Marsh's house, the servant was called to lift her out; but she declined assistance, and taking her friend's arm, went up the steps.

"I am quite well, Ruhama," she said; "it is only the mind that is sick—sick unto death."

Ruhama led her up-stairs to the beautiful room she had selected for her occupancy. It looked southward, and the golden sunshine illuminated the amber satin draperies of the windows. The carpet and upholstery were to match, and of rare elegance. A low French bed, covered with snowy linen with frilled pillow-cases, stood in the middle of one side; and there was a couch of amber satin, broad and soft, on which the tired guest was placed. A table, inlaid with different colored polished woods, stood by it, with a vase full of fresh flowers, and upon it were several of the latest publications in rich bindings.

"You must rest here now," said Ruhama. "I will read to you, or play for you, whenever you feel disposed; but you will be the better of a sleep, I think, after a little refreshment."

The maid brought in a tray, on which was a tempting lunch of broiled birds, thin bread and butter, a salad, fruits, wines, lemonade, etc.

It was soothing to the poor girl to be thus cared for. Her friend would not permit her to recur to her troubles, till after she had slept. They would take counsel together in the evening, and there must be some way out of the difficulty, which their sagacity, or that of some wiser friend, might discover in time.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE OLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "A WFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RETRIBUTION.

L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose! You know the proverb. Colonel Shirley was not the only one who had intended starting on a journey that morning, and was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Sylvester Sweet having settled all the affairs of the estate, and having nothing to do for the next month or two, intended in his bereavement to give himself a long holiday, and to go post-haste to Paris.

Perhaps, too, being such an uncommonly tender-hearted gentleman, he did not wish to stay to witness the execution of his young friend, Tom Shirley—to drown his grief for the loss of his wife in the delights of that delightful city. At all events, whatever his motives, Mr. Sweet was going on a journey, and was sitting down to an early breakfast in the back parlor. Most elaborately he was got up; always radiant, he was considerably more so this morning than ever; his buff waistcoat had the gloss of spick-span newness, his breast-pin and studs were dazzling, the opal rings he wore on his fingers made you wink, his pocket-handkerchief was of the brightest yellow China silk, his Malacca cane had a gold head, his canary-colored gloves were as new as his waistcoat, and his watch-chain with its glistening ornaments, his yellow whiskers and hair, and white teeth gleamed out with more than ordinary brilliancy, and his smile was so bland and debonaire, it would have done your heart good to see it. He had so far recovered from his late bereavement that he laughed a little silvery laugh as he sat down to breakfast—whether at it, or at his own cleverness, or at his expected two months' holiday, would be hard to say. So he was sitting, pleasantly sipping his Mocha, and eating his eggs and rolls, when the door-bell rang sharply; and two minutes after, Colonel Shirley stood in the doorway, regarding him. Mr. Sweet arose in a little surprise.

"Good-morning, colonel. This is an unexpected pleasure. I thought you were off in the six o'clock train!"

"I have been delayed! Will you be good enough to order your horse, and ride back with me to Castle Oliffe?"

"Certainly, colonel!" But Mr. Sweet hesitated a little, with his hand on the bell-rope. He had purchased my ticket for London, but if the business

something to that effect. Can you account for that little circumstance?"

"Very easily! I am a ventriloquist! And I have made use of my power more than once to terrify Barbara and him, at the Nun's Grave!"

"Humph! They say open confessions are good for the soul, and yours ought to feel relieved after this! Is there anything else, Colonel?"

"I think not! What miserable dupes we have all been!"

"Ah! you may say that! It's a thousand pities so clever a rascal should have cheated the hangman!"

"He hasn't cheated him!" said the doctor, composedly; "he is no more likely to die than I am! The stab is a mere trifle, that some lint and linen bandages will set all right in no time. Colonel, ring the bell, and order both articles, while I stop the blood which is flowing rather fast!"

"You said—you said—" gasped Mr. Sweet, with horrible eagerness. "You said the wound was fatal!"

"So I did, my dear sir! so I did! but I just wanted to frighten you a little, and so get all the truth. All is fair in war, you know, and while lies are excusable in such cases! Here's the lint—now the bandages—thank you, colonel! Don't touch so—I wouldn't hurt you for the world! Please the pigs, we'll have you all ready to stand your trial in a week!"

Every one drew a deep breath of relief, not even excepting Mr. Black, who felt, upon reflection, a little sorry he had ended Mr. Sweet's sufferings so soon. But whether from the reaction or the loss of blood, Mr. Sweet himself had no sooner heard the conclusion of the doctor's speech than he fell back on the sofa, fainting.

"Can he be removed, doctor?" asked the colonel.

"Of course he can! Put him in the carriage and drive slowly, and he can go to the jail as safely as any of us! I shall make a point of conscience of visiting him there every day. I never knew a gentleman I shall have more pleasure in restoring to health than my dear friend, Mr. Sweet!"

"Of course Tom is free to leave immediately, Mr. Channing?"

"Of course, colonel, of course! Poor boy! how shamefully he has been wronged! and what a providential thing the wrong did not do still further!"

"It's all right now!" said the doctor; "the wheel turns slowly, but it turns surely! Blood will cry for vengeance, and murder will out!"

A carriage was ordered round, and the blinds closely drawn. Mr. Sweet, still insensible, was placed on the back seat in charge of the doctor and Mr. Channing, and Mr. Black and the constable were accommodated with the opposite one. The colonel mounted his horse and rode on in advance, to bring glad tidings of great joy to Tom Shirley in his prison cell.

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

THE sun shone on the just and the unjust—yes, for it shone one sunny afternoon on the glistening spires, and domes, and palaces, and through the pines of a great city, and on a large, quiet-looking gray building, enshrined in tall trees, away from the ceaseless hum of busy life in a remote street; and the great city was gay, brilliant, wicked Paris, and the quiet gray building among the trees was the Ursuline Convent. It is fourteen months since we were in Cliftonlea, fourteen months since Colonel Shirley and Tom left for the frozen and blood-stained shores of Russia; fourteen months since Cliftonlea was thrown into a state of unparalleled excitement upon seeing Mr. Sweet with a rope round his neck, dancing on nothing; fourteen months since Margaret Shirley joined the band of devoted women who followed Florence Nightingale to the Crimea. Fourteen months is a tolerable time, with room for many changes. The war was over, the allies had gone back to their own countries. Colonel Shirley had won, by hard fighting, a baronetage, and the Cross of the Bath, and was now General Sir Cliffe Shirley. Margaret had joined the Sisters of Charity, whom she met in the hospitals, and was now the humble servant of the very humblest class in London; and poor Tom Shirley was lying in a soldier's grave outside the walls of Sebastopol. But all this was passed, and on this summer afternoon you are going through an iron gate, up an avenue of golden laburnums, and are ringing a bell at the great convent door. An old portress, sitting in an arm-chair, with her missal on her lap, the beads of her rosary slipping through her fingers, and dozing over both, admits you, and you pass through a long hall into the convent church. The sunshine coming through the magnificent stained-glass windows fills it with a solemn gloom; an immense golden lamp, suspended from the carved ceiling by a long chain, burns before the grand altar. Superb pictures line the walls, lovely statues look down from niches and brackets, and the holy-water fount at the door is a perfect miracle of exquisite carving. The solemn air is filled with music; for a young nun, lovely of face, slender of figure, sits up in the organ-loft, playing and singing the "Stabat Mater." It is Sister Ignacia, once Mademoiselle de St. Hilary—Vivia Shirley's old friend, who might have been Vivia Shirley's sister, and she looks like the pictures of St. Cecilia, as the grand notes of the organ wail sadly out and she sings the mournful words:

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius."

One other figure only is in the church, and it kneels on a prie-dieu before a magnificent picture, a copy of Paul Rubens' Descent from the Cross. There Mary Magdalene kneels with her floating golden hair falling around her like a veil, her lovely face uplifted; there stands the Mater Dolorosa, her colorless face and upraised eyes full of her great woe; there stands John, the beloved disciple, with his beautiful boyish face, and there hangs the drooping livid figure they are slowly lifting to the ground. It is not a nun who kneels before this picture, not even a novice; for she wears no veil, either white or black; her golden hair, like Magdalene's own, is pushed from her face and confined in a silken net; her dress is unrelieved black, but she wears neither cross nor rosary at her girdle. You cannot see her face, it is hidden in her hands as she kneels; but you can tell she is young, by the exquisite beauty of those hands, and the slender, delicate figure. While she kneels and prays, and the young nun sings the "Stabat Mater," the door softly opens, Sister Anastasia, the old portress, glides in and taps her softly on the shoulder, and the kneeling figure follows her out of the vestibule. You can see now that the face is youthful and lovely, made more lovely by the moveless purity and calm that looks at you through the dark violet eyes than by any perfection of feature or of complexion; for the face is thin,

wan and wasted to a degree. Sister Anastasia takes a card out of her pocket, and hands it to the young lady, who becomes livid crimson the moment she looks at it, and who covers her face with her hands, and turns away even from the averted eyes of the portress. "He is in the parlor," Sister Anastasia says with phlegm, and goes back to her missal, and her rosary, and her dozing.

The young girl stood for a moment in the same attitude, her bowed face hidden in her hands; and then starting suddenly up, hastened along a corridor, up a flight of stairs, and tapped at a door on the landing above. "Enter," said a sweet voice; and obeying the order, the young lady went in and knelt down at the feet of the stately Lady Abess, who sat with a pile of letters before her, reading.

"Well, dear child," said the lady, laying her hand kindly on the bowed head, "what is it?"

For all answer the young lady placed in her hand the card she had just received, and bowed her face lower than ever. The nun looked at it gravely at first; and then, with a little smile:

"Well, my dear, it is very well; you have my permission to receive your visitor."

"But not alone, mother! dear mother, not alone!"

The lady still sat and looked at her with the same quiet smile.

"Will you not come with me, mother? I—should like it so much."

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it."

Both arose, descended the stairs, passed through the vestibule, and opening a door to the left, entered the very plainest of convent parlors. The only occupant was a gentleman, stalwart and tall, in undress military uniform, bronzed and mustached, and looking wonderfully out of place within those monastic walls. He rose as they entered, bowed low to the stately superior; and, crossing the room, eagerly held out his hand to the younger lady, who dropped her eyes, and colored again, as she touched it.

"I am very glad you have returned safe from your dangerous mission, Sir Cliffe," said the superior, sitting down. "Allow me to congratulate you on the success you have achieved."

"You are very kind, madam!" said the soldier, looking a little reproachfully, as he spoke, at the young lady, who persistently refused to meet his eye. "Can I not say two or three words in private to Miss Shirley?"

"Undoubtedly, sir; it was by her own request I came! Vivia, take a seat over there by the window, and hear what your friend has to say."

Vivia and the gentleman seated themselves near the window as directed; and the superior, taking out a rosary, began saying her Ave Marias, with her eyes fixed on the floor, to all intents and purposes a hundred miles away.

"You have just come from England, I suppose," said Vivia, at last breaking a somewhat embarrassing pause.

"I reached Paris an hour ago. And how have you been, Vivia? Are you always going to be pale and wan, and never get your roses back? I believe they half starve you here."

Vivia looked up with something like her old laugh.

"Sister Therese, our cook, could tell a different story! She would cook me *pate de foies gras* every day if I would eat them. And how are all in Cliftonlea—dear, dear old Cliftonlea? How often I have dreamed of it since I left!"

"You shall see it again before the end of the week. All are well, but terribly lonely without Vivia! I believe I have a couple of billets-doux for you somewhere."

"Hardly billets-doux, I think," smiled Vivia, as he drew out his pocketbook, and took from between the leaves two dainty little missives, one three-cornered, rose-colored, and perfumed; the other in a plain white envelope. Vivia smiled again as she looked at the first.

"Lady Agnes will always be elegant; I could tell this was hers in Tartary!" she said, as she broke it open and glanced over its brief contents. Very brief they were:

"MY DARLING—Come back. I have been dying of *ennui* since you left. Nothing in the world could have made me so happy as to know you are to be my daughter after all."

Vivia glanced shyly up; and seeing the grave smiling eyes bent upon her, blushed, and opened the other without a word:

"MY DEAR COUSIN—Try and forgive me for the past—I never can forgive myself. Sometimes in your prayers, remember MARGARET SHIRLEY."

Your letters are somewhat shorter than those ladies usually write," her companion said, with his grave smile; but Vivia's eyes were full of tears.

"Poor Margaret! dear Margaret! I hope she is happy in her convent! When did you see her?"

"Yesterday. And if one might judge by faces, she is as happy as it is in her nature to be. Poor Tom's death was a terrible shock to her; she saw him when he was brought in ridden with Russian bullets."

"Did she?"

She was sitting with averted face, her eyes shaded by her hands, and Sir Cliffe went on:

"You heard, of course, he was dead, but you never heard the particulars. Poor fellow! shall I ever forget that half an hour before he was talking to me, sound and well, in my tent? But these things are merely the fortunes of war."

"Go on!" Vivia said, softly.

"We were expecting an engagement, and my post was one of imminent danger; and not knowing what the result might be, I was making a few arrangements in case the worst should happen. It was then for the first time I told him how I had called here when en route for the seat of war, the question I asked you, and the answer my good little Vivia gave. As he heard it, he laid his head down on the table as he did once before, I remember, when I gave him your note in person; and those were the last words we ever exchanged. The engagement began, a solemn hope was storming a breach in the wall, and had been hurled back again and again by a rain of bullets, until they were half cut to pieces, and no one could be found to lead them again. Then it was that Tom sprang from the ranks with a cheer, and a wild cry of 'Come on, lads!' that rings in my ears even now. In one instant he scaled the wall, in another he had fallen back, pierced with a score of Russian balls, but the last trial succeeded, and the breach was won!"

Vivia did not speak, but he could see how fast the tears were falling through the hands that covered her face.

"When they came to bury him," concluded the colonel, hastily, "they found in his breast, all torn and shattered, a little book you had once given him, and within it the note you sent him in prison. Poor Tom! they buried him with military honors, but the shock of seeing him nearly killed Margaret."

Still Vivia could do nothing but weep. Her companion looked at her anxiously.

"I ought not to have told you this story—such horrors are not for your ears."

"Oh, yes, yes; it is better I should know it! Poor Tom! poor Margaret!"

"Do not think of it any longer! I have a thousand things to say to you, and no time to say one of them. Do you know I return to England to-morrow?"

"So soon!"

"Yes. And I'm going to take you with me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Vivia, with a little cry of consternation. "It is impossible! I never could!"

"There is no such word as impossible in my vocabulary! You must! There is no occasion for delay, and they expect us at home."

"But it is so very sudden. I never can be ready!"

"Permit me to judge of that! What readiness do you require?"

"Oh, I have nothing to wear!" said Vivia, with a laugh and a blush.

"You can wear what you wear—can you not?"

"Black! Nonsense—what are you thinking of? No one ever heard of such a thing!"

"Very well! Since you are inexorable, I shall appeal to higher powers, and see if they cannot coerce you into obedience."

He crossed the room as he spoke, and took a seat near the superior, who lifted her eyes inquiringly from the carpet pattern.

"Madame, business obliges me to return to England to-morrow! Is there any valid reason why Vivia should not return with me?"

"It is very soon," said the lady, musingly.

"True, but I assure you the haste is unavoidable, and as the ceremony is to be strictly private, a day more or less cannot make much difference."

"I suppose not. Well, monsieur, it shall be as you wish. Her friend, Madame la Marquise de St. Hilary, and her bonne Jeannette, can accompany her in the carriage, and meet you at the church. I cannot tell you, monsieur, how sorry we all will be to part with her."

So that matter was settled, and Monsieur le General took his departure with a beaming face, to prepare for the ceremony of to-morrow, and Mlle. Vivia went to prepare for it in her own way, by spending the remainder of the day, and long into the night, on the prie-dieu before the altar. She was back there again by daybreak the next morning; but when the grand carriage of the St. Hilarys stopped at the convent door she was ready in the simplest and plainest of traveling-dresses to take her seat beside the marquise. Adieu had been said to all her convent friends, and she sat quietly crying behind her veil, until they drew up before Notre Dame, where they found General Shirley and a few of his friends awaiting them. And then a very quiet marriage-ceremony was performed, and Vivia had a right to the name of Shirley no one could dispute now, and was sitting the happiest bride on earth, beside her soldier-husband, in the express-train for Calais.

Once more the joy-bells were ringing in Cliftonlea; once more the charity-children turned out to strew the streets with flowers; and once more triumphal arches were raised, and the flag of welcome floated from the cupola of Castle Cliffe; once more bonfires were kindled, fireworks went off, and music and dancing, drinking and feasting were to be had for the asking, and crowds upon crowds of well-dressed people filled the park. Castle Cliffe from cellar to battlement was one blaze of light; once more the German band came down from London to delight the ears of hundreds of guests; once more Lady Agnes was blazing resplendent in velvet and diamonds, and once more Sir Roland, on his gold-headed cane, limped from room to room, in spite of his gout, in perfect ecstasies at seeing his pet Vivia again—it was so delightfully like the old times. And Vivia was there again, robed as a bride, in white lace and satin, and orange-blossoms and jewels, lovely as a vision; and this time the bridegroom was not absent. He stood there in his grand general's uniform; and no shadow from the past was permitted to dim the brightness of that night. Not even Lady Agnes could think of her obscure birth; for no princess could look more noble and stately than did she; no one thought of that father of hers who had broken so artfully from jail, and made his escape to parts unknown, helped, rumor said, by Colonel Shirley himself. No one thought of anything but that the bride and bridegroom were the handsomest and happiest couple in the world.

"Come out here, Vivia!" he said to her, opening a glass-door leading down to the terrace; "it is a lovely night, and this ball-room is oppressively hot."

He drew her arm within his, and Sir Cliffe and Lady Shirley walked along the terrace in the serene moonlight. The park, looking like fairy-land, lay at their feet, filled with their tenantry; and the town lay quiet and tranquil, looking pretty and picturesque as all places do in the moonlight; and far away, spread out the wide sea, its ceaseless waves surging the same old song to the shore they had sung when she had heard them first, a happy, careless child.

"Dear, dear Cliftonlea!" said Vivia, her eyes filling with happy tears. "How glad I am to see it again!"

"I thought you would not forget it in your French convent!" he said, laughing. "My dear little wife, there is no place like home!"

"True, but I have learned one thing in my French convent, that favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, and that after all, *mon ame* is pointing upward, 'there is the true patrie'."

He did not speak. He only lifted the lovely hand reverently to his lips; and in silence the bronzed soldier and his pretty bride stood on the terrace watching the young moon rise.

THE END.

Adventure With Brigands.

BY HENRI MONTCALEM.

A RIFLE-SHOT from behind a fringe of bushes on the rocks overhanging the road, then four-and-twenty as fierce-looking rascals as you ever saw before the footlights came leaping down into the road; and while half a dozen ran to the horses' heads, the rest came crowding around the carriage door, jabbering at us in their heathenish Italian.

The English family with whom I had been traveling ever since yesterday morning exhibited unmistakable signs of demoralization. They had become a solid heap of terror-stricken humanity in one corner of the coach, of which heap Smith *pere* was the chief corner-stone, Mrs. S. and Miss S. having wound themselves about him with manifold shrieks and groans. As for myself, a young gentleman from America, traveling rightily, I uttered education, if I remember rightly, I uttered distinctly a few of those peculiarly forcible oaths it was my good fortune to collect during a recent visit to Colorado. The interruption

was, to say the least, provoking; for besides being in a hurry to reach Rome, I had a considerable sum of money about me.

But feminine shrieks and Rocky Mountain oaths alike availed not to soften the hearts of our captors. Money they demanded, and money they received, all that we had about us; and they had set the frightened postillion on his seat again and were shouting at him to drive on, when one inquisitive fellow, who had been examining my pockets with a curiosity and exhaustiveness entirely unequalled for, chanced upon that unfortunate document which Masters had directed me to deliver into the hands of the consul at M—

It was all up with me from the moment they saw the paper. The big seal and the official tape stamped me conclusively in their opinion a government spy, though they could not read a word of the contents. It was passed to the leader, who scowled first upon me and then upon the paper, and finally gave a few orders in Italian to a big, burly fellow with a red feather in his ragged cap. The latter advanced toward me, and, without so much as a "by your leave," seized me roughly by the shoulder and dragged me to the ground, while the coach drove off and left me in the hands of the brigands.

I had dreamed of adventures among the brigands of Italy, but the reality rather failed to meet my expectations. Oh, the horrors of that first night! Chained to a bolt fixed in the solid bed of a rocky cavern, alone in darkness and darkness, sleepless with hunger and anxiety, hour after hour I sat and longed for the dawn. It came at last, a faint glimmer of light through the opening of the cave; and at sunrise my burly friend of yesterday brought me a bountiful supply of nourishment. Desperately I essayed a conversation, but although each said a good deal first and last, I understood very little of his Italian, and he not any of my English.

Another six hours alone in the cave, and I began to feel that even death was preferable to this dreadful suspense. Toward the middle of the afternoon Rael—I had learned his name—came again with food and drink. After I had partaken, he announced, more by signs than words, that I was to accompany him to the outer air, and to my great joy he proceeded to unfasten the chain from the bolt and lead me by it toward the opening.

In an open space before the cave, hedged in by almost impenetrable walls of thickets, were gathered some fifty or sixty of the band; and in the center, upon a raised platform roughly fashioned for the occasion, sat that personage whose title, *Le Roi des Montagnes*, was the terror of the surrounding country. I was required to stand before him; and he, after regarding me fixedly for a moment, drew the unlucky document from his pocket, and glancing at it, rose and addressed himself to his companions. He spoke in Italian, and was apparently arguing both sides of my case. He seemed on the whole rather a jolly old fellow, and his speech excited a good deal of merriment among his followers, who laughed repeatedly as he would point to me, and, screwing his face into the most horrible of shapes, launch out at me a whole sentence of invective.

On the whole, I thought this gaiety in my favor, and was congratulating myself upon the prospect of a speedy delivery, when the chief turned to me and quickly undeceived me.

"My son," he said, in the best English I ever heard from the lips of a foreigner, "we find you guilty of plotting the betrayal of our Mountain Brotherhood. The paper found on your person proclaims you a government spy. You are young to die, and surely you might have died in a better cause. Rael, take him back."

I started forward to say a word in my own defense, but he raised his hand imperiously, and I was hurried away and chained to the rock.

Shortly after dark, while sitting bowed down with agony at the prospect of so speedy a death, I heard steps again entering the rocky chamber, and looking up, I saw Rael and the king approaching. The former was staggering beneath the weight of a not very large-sized keg, which he placed on the ground and proceeded to carefully unhead. As soon as it was opened, I recognized at once, by the light of the candle which the chief held aloft, the substance in the cask. It was *gunpowder*! What demon's work were they at now! What could they intend? Was I to be buried in powder and then the match applied? Well, it would be a swift and not a cruel death. It might have been worse. But I was reckoning without my host. I little guessed the refinement of Italian cruelty. The words of the king enlightened me.

"You see this taper?" he asked, fixing his glittering eyes upon me. I nodded a stupid assent. He went on seeming to gloat over his helpless victim.

"It will burn but a few hours," he hissed; "its time is short, and so is yours—for it and you will expire together."

Not yet did I catch his meaning, but sat watching their movements with a kind of bewildered wondering. Alas! I understood soon enough. Rael placed the open keg about six feet from the spot where I was chained, and the king advancing, placed the candle in the powder, carefully heaping the black grains about its base to make it firm. Horror of horrors! It was plain enough now. I was to be left there in the cave, chained within six feet of the powder. He had said that I and the candle would expire together. Too true, for when the candle burned out, the flame would reach the powder, and I should be in eternity.

"Adieu, my friend," the chief said to me, waving his hand and smiling grimly, as he turned to go. "Your friends will find it difficult to collect your remains;" and the two hurried away.

The taper burned up bright and clear, and by its light, I could see the white wax slowly melt and run down toward the powder. It had to drop full four inches now, and there was time for it to cool before it reached the bottom. Four inches! How long would it take to burn four inches! Not over four hours at the furthest—and then? "Oh, Heavens!" I cried out in my agony. "And this is to be the end of it all. And they will never know at home, and Kate will marry that puppy from Harvard—and I shall go to pieces in four hours." Four hours! No! Already—or did I fancy it?—the candle was grown perceptibly shorter. Oh, how I grudged every instant!

About this time I fell into a fit of unconscious stupor which must have lasted a long while, for when I awoke to an intelligent comprehension of the things about me once more, I saw to my horror that the flame was within an inch of the powder.

"Oh, God! what shall I do?" I cried aloud in new terror. "Help! help!" and the cave sounded and resounded with my cries. But no help came. I tugged frantically at my chain, but the strength of a hundred men would not have parted it. And then I flung myself

down on the damp floor, and raved and wept and cursed by turns. Finally I took to gazing at the candle again with straining eyes.

A current of air from the entrance caused the flame to flicker slightly. The motion suggested the idea of blowing out the light. Strange to tell, I had not thought of it before. Dragging myself as near the keg as my fetters would allow, I drew a long breath and blew it toward the candle with all my force. The long tongue of flame moved gracefully back and forth, bending far over as if to lick up a crumb or two of the powder; but it did not go out. A sudden fear seized me. By blowing I might cause the flame to communicate all the sooner with the powder, and so hasten my own destruction. Yet what mattered it! The sooner the better. It was only a question of fifteen or twenty minutes now, and maybe less. I grew reckless and laughed aloud wildly.

God help me! The candle was burned down now very, very near to its terrible socket, and the final moment must be close at hand. I was quite calm again, and silently awaited the instant. It came at last. "May God have mercy on my soul!" I whispered softly. A sudden paling of the flame, a sputter of the wax, and then a quick flash—and I sat there still, in darkness rendered a thousand times denser and blacker by the brilliant flash. I was perfectly unharmed, and there had been no explosion of any consequence. I drew my hand across my eyes, still almost expecting to hear the deafening crash; but it did not come. I tried in vain to comprehend, until a chorus of boisterous laughter from the mouth of the cavern gave me some inkling of the truth. I was the victim of a stupendous practical joke.

The reaction was too much for me, and I fell fainting to the floor; but a dozen kindly hands raised me and bore me to the outer air, where with warmth and good cheer, I quickly became myself again.

The king took me one side and apologized for the cruel hoax. His men, he said, were very suspicious of me, and had grown ill-natured because he refused to put me to death. He had resorted to the joke in order to restore their good humor. Rather a serious joke for me, truly; but I felt too much relieved to be angry. We feasted till dawn, and that morning I was furnished with a horse and an armed escort to the nearest town. I never got my money back; but the chief, as I put out my hand to say good-by, handed me a little jeweled dagger of great value in itself, and still greater as a never-to-be-relinquished memento of my adventure with the brigands.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times Women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay treatment, and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

From MISS LORINDA E. ST. CLAIR, Shade, Athens Co., Ohio.

"Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Favorite Prescription is working almost like a miracle on me. I am better almost than I have been for over two years."

From ELA A. SCHAFER, Zanesville, Ind.:

"Dr. Pierce—I resolved the medicine you sent me and began using it immediately. As a result of the treatment I feel better than I have for three years."

From Mrs. JOHN K. HAMLIN, Odell, Ill.:

"Dr. Pierce—The Favorite Prescription has done me good, which I am very thankful for. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines."

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

CARPENTER'S Manual.—A practical guide to use of all tools and all operations of the trade; also drawing for Carpenters, forms of contracts, specifications, plans, etc., with plain instructions for beginners and full glossary of terms used in trade. Illustrated. 50 cts. of booksellers or by mail. J. B. HANLEY & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y. 390-11.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 390-17r.

We want to engage every unemployed man, woman and child. C. P. RICHARDS & Co., Hallowell, Me. 389-81r.

\$250 where. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address W. C. NORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 387-62r.

PHOTO'S of Actresses, Love Scenes, etc. 10 for 25 cts. R. S. LUDDEN, East Lincoln, Me. 388-61a.

WYOMING SEMI-MONTHLY LOTTERY

Legalized by the Legislature. Draws on the 15th and 30th of each month. Tickets \$1 each, 6 for \$5. 1 chance in 3, \$200,000 in cash prizes. Capital \$50,000. Agents wanted. Particulars, address J. M. FAYETTE, Laramie City, Wyoming. 378-13r.

This is No Humbug. By sending 35 cents and stamp with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box No. 31, Fultonville, N. Y. 389-80r.

The Toll-Gate! Price Picture sent free! An ingenious rem. 150 objects to find! Address with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y. 372-591r.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free. F. D. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 389-17r.

AGENTS WANTED.—Men or women. \$34 a week or \$100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York. 389-62r. h

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 390-17r.

COURTING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Erastus called on Hannah Jane
On the dark end of Monday.
He wore the suit of clothes he gen-
erally wore on Sunday.

He said, "Good-evening!" and sat down
With grace and ease befitting;
He labored to compose himself,
She labored at her knitting.

He cleared his throat, and crossed his hands,
They seemed to be a bother;
He put one leg upon his knee,
And then he put the other.

He looked up at the mantel-clock
To see the moments flitting,
And went to thinking what to say—
She went on with her knitting.

He thought of men who talked like books,
And thought himself quite horrid;
He brushed some dust from off his sleeve,
And stroked his classic forehead.

He gazed from out his eye a bug
That flew in their unwitting;
As he kept growing bashful—
She kept on at her knitting.

He thought to talk about the crops,
The circus and the weather,
But in his mind these things got mixed
And jumbled all together.

He blew his nose, and tilted back
The chair where he was sitting,
Then he got up and rubbed his head—
And she kept at her knitting.

He gently coughed behind his hand;
I say this to his credit;
And thought of nothing he could say,
And so he wisely said it.

He scratched his head with his left hand,
It was a queer meeting;
And gazed at once she looked around
And worked away at knitting.

He gave a sidelong glance at her,
And thought that she was charming;
His cheeks were burning, and he thought
The fire was rather warming.

Determined to say something, at
The night was fastly flitting,
He said "Good-night!" and left the house,
And she kept at her knitting.

LEAVES

From an Actor's Life;
or,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIXEN.

XIII.—The Eagle Theater. Wyzeman Marshall—The Warlock of the Glen—Charles H. Eaton—His Peculiarities—Booth and Eaton Contrasted by Joe Cowell—Eaton's Accidental Death—Joseph Hudson Kirby—Wake me up when Kirby dies!—His Meteor Career—His Return to England—Last Appearance.

AMONG the actors at the National Theater was one by the name of Wyzeman Marshall—and he well deserves his name of Wyzeman, for he is one of the very few managers that was wise enough to retire from management at the proper time, and keep the money he had made.

Marshall was a great favorite with the North End boys, and having some difficulty with "Old Pitt" withdrew from the National and opened an opposition theater in an old frame building on Haverhill street. This theater was called the "Eagle." It proved a very short-lived affair, however.

I speak of it in this connection as I saw several celebrities there, and I played there myself, personating "Adebert, the rightful heir," in an old-time drama called "The Warlock of the Glen."

Here I first met Augustus W. Fenno—"Handsome Gus"—then quite a youth, and who subsequently appeared with success in all the principal cities of the Union. He was a handsome man in every sense of the word, with a fine, intellectual face, and a tall, well-proportioned figure. There was a time when Fenno might have shaken Forrest on his throne of greatness. It has always been a mystery to me why he did not. As Fenno took to Spiritualism in his old age, that may account for it. This fact would presuppose a lack of reasoning power in his brain.

Here also was Mrs. H. Lewis, an Amazonian style of actress; one of the first, if not the first, to play Richard the Third, and other male characters in this country. At that time the combat in the last act was always fought with what are called fighting swords, which are unlike any weapon that was ever used in actual warfare, though they bear some resemblance to a Scotch claymore, with half the blade cut off. The net-work of iron, or basket, around the handle is for the purpose of protecting the knuckles from an awkward blow.

This sword still flourishes at the Bowery Theater, New York. They are susceptible of a great deal of heavy work, and Mrs. Lewis used to make this combat thrilling. It used to make my hair stand on end then; but now, looking back "through the dim vista of departed years," it seems to me supremely ridiculous.

At this theater also appeared one of those transitory stars, who flash brilliantly through the dramatic heaven for a short season, and then disappear in utter darkness. This was Charles Eaton.

Whether he had talent or not at this late day I cannot determine; my memory of him is too faint for that. But, one singular freak of his fingers in my recollection.

He was playing William Tell, in Sheridan Knowles' play of that name, and in the last scene, after the successful shot with the arrow, at the apple placed upon his son's head—a test of his skill proposed by the "Tyrant Gesler"—and the Swiss rush in and overpower the Austrians. Tell should proclaim that "Switzerland is free!"

In the bustle of the struggle with "the minions of the tyrant," Eaton forgot these concluding words, and the prompter rung the signal bell for the curtain without waiting for them, but, as Eaton saw the roll of the curtain nearing the stage, they suddenly occurred to his memory, and dropping suddenly upon his hands and knees he poked his head beneath the descending curtain, and cried out: "Ladies and gentlemen, I forgot to tell you that my country is free!" and drew back his head just in time to escape a bump from the curtain-roller.

Eaton was said to be an imitator of Junius Brutus Booth, as Booth was said to be an imitator of Edmund Kean. I wonder if there ever was an actor yet that did not imitate somebody!

I frankly confess that when I began to act I imitated everybody that I thought was good, and thus formed a kind of conglomerate style of my own.

I cannot give you an opinion of Charles Eaton, but I will give you that of an old actor, Joe Cowell, who writes thus in regard to Booth and Eaton, and others:

"Cooper's faults had been so long copied," he says, "Cooper was a favorite star-actor of the past," "and, of course, increased in the

appropriation that there was not an objectionable, and at the same time, original bit left for a new beginner to found a style on; but Booth, keeping with truth and purity, a living likeness of Kean's beauties full in view, had, of course, all the smaller-sized mad actors as his satellites; but I know of none worth naming among them except C. H. Eaton. He achieved a sort of popularity, and the distinguished title, in the play-bills, of the *Young American Tragedian*. In addition to his giving a most excellent imitation of Booth's acting, he assumed a lamentable caricature of his eccentricities off the stage. Now there was method in Booth's madness; however ridiculous his antics were they only excited pity, but never laughter. There was a melancholy responsibility, if it may be so called, about all he said and did while in frenzy's imagined mood, that, if you believed he was insane, it would grieve you to the heart to see a noble mind thus overthrown; and, if you thought it was assumed, it would cause quite as painful a feeling to think that one so gifted should condescend to ape degraded nature. But Eaton's second-hand vagaries were disgusting; his distorted fancies, too, like other monstrosities, had to call in the aid of alcohol to perpetuate their first-conceived deformity. Four fellow! he carried the joke too far, at last, and fell from a balcony at his hotel, after performing one night at Pittsburgh, and died in a day or two afterward."

I have quoted "Old Joe Cowell" here because I met him at an early stage of my career, and I shall speak of him hereafter in full. He was the grandfather of the celebrated Kate Bateman, who recently created such an impression in the character of "Leah, the Forsaken," in New York city and London.

There was another "mad actor," who was celebrated at this time. I saw him play the character of "Sir Edward Mortimer," in the "Iron Chest," at the Eagle Theater, and I was much pleased with him. His name was Joseph Hudson Kirby—better known, familiarly, as Joe Kirby.

This was the "Young Tragedian" who afterward became such a favorite with the "Bowery boys" in New York city. He was very effective in the heroes of the melodramas, and his death scenes were thrilling. This gave rise to the saying: "Wake me up when Kirby dies." The tired newsboy, content to doze through the opening scenes of the play, was sure to be wide awake when Kirby came to his simulated death agonies.

Whisky was this promising actor's bane. It ruined him, as it will ruin any actor who cannot control his appetite. Let me give you his brief history.

In the course of a few years, from being an utility man at the Pittsburgh Theater, he arose to fame, and commanded a good salary and benefits, as the best melodramatic actor on the American stage. He was an Englishman by birth, but came to the United States when he was about eighteen years of age. He had followed a seafaring life, which occupation peculiarly fitted him for the representation of the stage sailors, which were then very popular with the public.

In the matter of figure, and strength of lungs, he was the rival of Edwin Forrest. When dissipation drove him from this country he returned to England, and announced himself in London as the "Young American Tragedian," thereby implying that he was an American by birth.

The managers of the minor theaters, such as the *Queen's*, the *Marylebone*, the *City of London*, and *Pavilion* Theaters gave him profitable engagements; but he relapsed again into his habits of dissipation, which marred all the talent he possessed, and kept him in perpetual difficulties.

He had married a young actress of considerable talent, and one child was the result of this marriage. This child died the day before he died, and they were buried side by side.

Kirby's last engagement was at a theater in London called the *Albert Saloon*—his last appearance was in the character of Martean, in *The Carpenter of Rouen*, an American play, written by Dr. J. S. Jones, of Boston, and which Kirby had introduced to a London audience.

The immediate cause of his death was an affection of the lungs, and he received much kindness from the members of the company during his illness; and when he died they provided for his widow, for the members of the dramatic profession, although their means are at the best precarious, are ever most forward to extend the hand of succor to a fellow-actor in the hour of need.

Back From the Dead.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

It is a strange story that I have to tell. But it is a true one, and I have learned enough in my lifetime to know that the truest stories are apt to be the strangest ones.

There had been a mortgage on grandfather Dean's farm for a good many years; ever since I was a little girl, in fact, for I can remember hearing him talk it over with my mother, and they used to lay plans together by which they could raise money to meet coming payments.

Squire Eaton, who owned the big house on the hill, and great farms all about him, held the mortgage. He and grandfather had been old friends, and he never hurried when the payments were overdue. "Take your time, Mr. Dean," he would say, in his cheery way. "I shan't starve if I don't get it in a month or two, I guess. It'll all come right, so don't worry about it."

And by hard work, and hard planning, and saving this and that, to turn into money, the small payments were made, year after year, and so I grew up into womanhood. Grandfather's heart was glad to think that the farm was being cleared of its burden, and that when he died he could leave the old homestead to us free from debt.

One day he went up the hill to Squire Eaton's, and when he came back his face wore a happier expression than I had ever seen it wear before.

"The old farm is ours, now," he said, pleased as a boy over the possession of some long-coveted thing. "All ours, thank God, and now we can begin to breathe again, after so many years of tolling and saving."

The very next day the neighborhood was terribly startled by the tidings of Squire Eaton's death. He had been found dead in his bed.

"There was a little more business to attend to about that mortgage," grandfather said, that evening, as we sat together, talking over the sudden death of the owner of the white house on the hill. "But it didn't amount to much. I have the receipts all safe. I suppose Hugh Dane will be heir of all the Squire's property. I'm glad we got our business finished up before he came into possession. They say he's a hard man to deal with."

About a month after that, Hugh Dane came and took possession of his property. I hated him from the first time I saw him. He had the cruellest eyes I ever saw. They made me afraid of him. He seemed to take as great a fancy to me as I had dislike for him, and kept coming to call on us, and used to coax me to go out riding with him, and bring me flowers, and books, which I never read.

"I think he's in love with your pretty face, Susie," grandfather said, pinching my cheeks. "How would you like to be mistress of the big house on the hill?"

"Not at all, if he were master there," I answered. "I hate him."

One morning grandfather Dean complained of feeling bad. All day he grew worse, and before midnight of that day he was dead.

Hugh Dane came and proffered his aid in our affliction, and mother accepted it, much against my wishes.

"You wrong him, I think," she said. "He means to be very kind."

But all the time I could not help feeling afraid of him, and if we were left alone together for a moment, I was like a mouse shut up with a cat, and wishing I could escape.

It was about a month after grandfather Dean was buried, that Hugh asked me to be his wife.

"Oh, no, no!" I cried, more frightened than ever I was before in all my life. "I can't marry you. I am so sorry you ever asked me."

"But why can't you?" he asked, and tried to get hold of my hand and kiss me.

"Because I hate you!" I cried, springing away from him. "If it were to save my life, I would never marry you, Hugh Dane, and you know that before you asked me."

"Don't put on too many airs," he said, with a cruel, hard smile. "You must remember that I have it in my power to turn you out of house and home any day. The mortgage on this place was due some time ago, and if I were to foreclose it, what would become of you?"

"Grandfather paid up the mortgage," I answered. "He paid it before Squire Eaton died. If you were a gentleman you would never have used such threats as that. But you see we are not in your power, after all."

He smiled again—that evil, hard smile, that always made me shudder.

"I can convince you to the contrary," he said. "There are several payments in Squire Eaton's book that have never been marked paid, and the mortgage, which would have been given up, if it had been lifted, is in my possession."

"But grandfather said he had the receipts," I said.

"Produce them, then," he answered.

And mother and I hunted high and low for them. We hunted from one end of the house to the other—everywhere. But not a receipt could we find.

"I have them, mother," mother said. "He told me so."

"I will give you two days to make your decision in," Hugh Dane said. "It may seem strange to you that I should use such means to bring about your consent to a marriage with me, but I love you, and I would do anything to win you."

Perhaps he did, in his tigerish way. I don't know.

We hunted through those long two days, with heavy hearts, but all in vain.

That evening, as we sat in the old kitchen, we were very tired. We had too many things to think about to care to talk much.

All at once I felt that we were not alone. You have felt just as I did when some one has been watching you, and you looked up to catch their eye upon you. "I looked down the kitchen and there, in the corner where his empty chair stood, I saw Grandfather Dean as plainly as I ever saw him in my life."

"What you have been looking for is here," he said, touching his old Bible, which was lying on the table there. And then he vanished like a sudden mist which a wind disperses.

"Did you see him?" cried mother, pale and trembling. "It was your grandfather come back from the dead."

I went to the table where the Bible lay, without feeling a particle of fear. I don't know why. Some way I could not make it seem as if I had seen a ghost. I took up the old book, and as I passed my fingers over the cover, I felt something under the faded green baize. I tore off the cloth which had been fastened there to protect the book, and there, between it and the boards, were the lost receipts! We counted them over, one by one. They dated from years back, and the last one read, "Received of Samuel Dean twenty-five dollars, being the final payment due on the mortgage held by me, Signed, JOHN EATON."

"He came back from the other world to help us out of our trouble," mother said, solemnly and thankfully. "It seems like a dream, but it was not a dream. I know now that the dead can come back."

When Hugh Dane came for his answer the next day I laid before him the lost receipts.

"I am not in your power, sir," I said, coldly. "Look them over and satisfy yourself that they are correct."

He glared at me like a tiger at bay. He wanted to catch me by the throat, but he dared not.

"Grandfather Dean came back last night to tell us where they were," I said. "With the dead to help us you are powerless."

He looked at me as if he thought I was crazy, but answered not a word. He got up and went out, pretty soon, and after that I saw no more of him for weeks. I think he did love me, perhaps, and if he did, I should not be a woman if I were not sorry for him. But I could never have married him—never! I would have gone out into the world to fight the battle of life single-handed first. But Grandfather Dean saved me from doing that.

Border Tales.

Old Grizzly as a Married Man.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

One night some weeks after Old Grizzly had related the history of his courtship, while sitting by the fire smoking our pipes, I put at my time to keep his promise and tell me about the "only time he was ever married."

"Oh, dog-gone it, Ralph!" growled the old hunter, "yet! allers a-wantin' me to talk about disgreable things, an'—"

"Why, uncle Grizzly, you don't mean to say that your married life was disagreeable, do you?" I said, in surprise.

"Well but I am a stag's horn off I doosen't mean ter say jess that thing! Waugh! it makes me sick at ther stummick ter barely think uv it," and he put on a grimace that set the whole camp laughing.

"Yer larlin', eh?" he growled. "Well, then sum uv you go an' git yerselves tied onto a Pawnee squaw, a ole'un, mind yer, an' turn meef yer don't change ther tune."

"I'll tell yer, boycees, how 'twur, but yer must all promise as yer won't never fetch up ther subject ag'in. It allers riles me, an' when I gits riled bad ther hain't no tellin' an' the good-natured old bear-tamer put on his most ferocious looks, at the same time trying to keep down a grin.

"Ter start with, boycees, I onc't got married, but 'twur ter save my har'. An' so yer see I didn't kinder look on ther bargin' as far, an' ther fust chance I got I jess lit out, as ther feller sez I got up an' dusted ther settlement an' freedom."

"'Twar a quare thing all roun', it wur. An' I hain't never been able to git at ther bottom uv ther mist'ry till yit.

"One night I wur layin' in my bark shanty, away up on Solomon's Fork uv Kansas, all alone by myself, fur my partner had been rubbed out by ther Pawnees a couple uv weeks afore, an' I wur es lonesum es a blind groun'-hog in a cyprus swamp.

"Well, I sed I wur a-layin' thar thinkin', an' by-an-by I must a fell asleep or got a-dozin', an' then I got a-dreamin' es I thort fust off, but arterwards I got to ther conclusion that I must a been wide awake.

"Es I lay thar, wif my face a-turned to'rst ther door uv ther shanty, I see ther piece uv bark thar choaked up ther entrance move to one side, an' ther beautiful squaw—my goodness, boycees! but she wur purty!—walk right straight in an' stan' in ther middle uv ther floor an' begin a-lookin' me in the eye.

"Her'n wur ther black sort, big an' soft an' full of water like a antelope's, an' es she kep' on gazin' at me wif 'em I felt sumthin' a-runnin' up an' down my back-bone fur all ther world like a scorpian cavin' over ther place, an' draggin' his tale arter him.

"By-an-by ther squaw ups an' sez a lot uv stuff about ther Man uv ther B'ars bein' lonesum in his wigwam, she did, an' then went on ter say es how ther Grand Pawnees wur on ther rampage, an' thar ther lodge uv ther pale-face wur'n't jess ther safest place on the airth at thar partickler minit.

"Now yer see, boycees, thar kind uv talk hed some sense into it, fur it meant bizness, an' when she stoped a-talkin' an' stood wif both arms reched out to'rst me, I war goin' ter ax her a question or two, when bang! went sumthin' an' I foun' myself a-settin' straight up onto them bufter-pole a-trimblin' like all over an' ther perspiration a-rollin' down my face bigger'n scopel-balls.

"I war oft'n ther skins quicker'n lightnin', an' I arther ther gal, but she hed been too fast fur me, and warn't nowhar to be seen.

"Well, sez I to myself, ef this hyar don't jess git me I'm a nigger, an' wif thet I went back an' lay down ag'in."

"But it warn't no use tryin' to go to sleep. Sumthin' war wrong wif my eyes, an' every time I shet 'em thar stood thar Pawnee squaw ag'in lookin' at me wif her big eyes.

"I war more'n a hour I stood it, gittin' more an' more restless like, till I jess couldn't lay thar no longer. An' so I gits up.

"Es I started to ther door somethin' sez to me 'Don't leave yer rifle, an' acterly wifout thinkin' I picked her up an' crawled out inter ther open."

"Look-a-hyar, Grizzly, what ther blazes hev all this 'ere got ter do wif ther ole squaw es tackled yer?" said Rube, who as usual was gnawing at a bone.

"Keep them long ears open, ole hoss, an' yer har by-an-by."

"Well, I got outside an' stood lookin' aroun' at ther timmer an' ther river an' perairy, still thinkin' about thar gal, when all uv a sudden I hear a stick crack in the bresh clust by, an' afore I could wink a'most I war surrounded by a yowlin' pack uv Pawnees.

"I throv'd my rifle up an' war about ter down ther leadin' warrior when I see it would only make things wuss, an' I took her down wifout shootin'."

"Lordy! how them Indians did go on when they foun' they'd ketch'd me nappin' an' hed'n't lost a man, an' when I kem ter think thar squaw a-mobbin' I warn't riled some. Well I jess reckon I war."

"An' thar I hed ter stan' an' see ther imps 'yar down ther shanty, spile what they didn't want an' tote off the balance an' me 'long wif it."

"All at onc't ther words uv ther gal kem back to my mind es I trotted along like a half-broke mustang, an' I wish I may die ef ther recollecshun didn't jess knock ther wind outen me sicker'n a whistle.

"Then thinks I what are goin' to kem outen ther words 'bout ther Man uv ther B'ars bein' lonesum' in his wigwam, es as much es ter say ther best thing he hed do war ter take a squaw."

"But thar I know'd warn't a goin' ter happen, fastwise I thort I know'd it; but, boycees, thar hain't nothin' sart'in on this airth, eespecialy when ther red-bellies."

"Well, I see Rube, thar, ar' gittin' impatient, an' so I'll git to ther marryin' part es quick es I kin."

"Ther next mornin' the Pawnees hilt a pow-wow to see whether they'd skelp or roast me then er wait till they got to ther village. Ther ole warriors war fur waitin' ter give ther squaws an' papposes a chance, an' es thar war more'n a doz'n thar war uv ther young men, I missed ther stak by ther skin uv my eye-balls, an' war tack on to the Injun town."

"I do reckon ther never war sech a to-do es thar war in ther village when I got thar an' they larned who the prisoner war."

"Yer know, boycees, I hed been rather hefty onto the Pawnees ever sence thet time in ther Platt' kentry whar they rubbed out poor Ike Merrimee, and thar war a big account writ up ag'in me."

"They roped me up to a tree an' 'mused thet'selves all thet day wif throwin' ther tom-pom-pom at ther head, an' shootin' arrows all round my body to see how clus't they ked kom wifout hittin'."

"Then the next day they hopped my legs an' turned me loose on the open, wif all ther youngsters in ther village arter me wif switch-es an' clubs. I soon bu'sted thet fun up by knockin' half a dozen uv ther imps purty nigh into kingdom kem, an' then they formed ther lines fur ther gauntlet."

"They kem ther ole dodge uv tellin' me thet ef I reched the council-house they'd turn me loose, but I nearly killed the red nigger as tole me the lie wif my fist, and arter ther they left me alone."

"I made ther council-house, but it war on'y arter I war hacked all to pieces, an' arly ther next mornin' I was led out to ther stake."

"Thinks I to myself, hyars the end uv Grizzly, an' then I thinks what a fool thet 'ere gal war to talk to me 'bout gettin' married, when all uv a sudden somebody rushed forward—I ked'n't see fur ther smoke who—an' kicked ther fire out, an' put ther arms roun' me an' the post."

"You see, my eyes war blinded yit, an' I didn't see who 'twas war cuttin' ther ropes an' leadin' me outen ther circle till I hed got more'n half-way to ther village."

"When I did see, boycees, I wish I may die

ef it warn't es much es I ked do to keep from faintin' right on ther spot."

A sudden burst of laughter from the boys told how comical the mere thought of Old Grizzly's fainting was, but without appearing to notice it, the bear-tamer went on with his story.

"Lordy! what a sight I did have thar right afore my eyes! I hev seen a power uv Injuns in my life: all sorts an' sizes an' colors; but 'uns an' young 'uns; but may I be chaw'd to death by a lot uv Mexikin peccades ef thet 'ere squaw as war leadin' me off to her wigwam as her meat, warn't the cusseldest lookin' uv 'em all."

"Oh, pawhaw, boycees! it ain't no use of my tryin' ter tell yer how ugly she war, an' old! She jess looked ole enuff for to hev been the mammy uv every durned red-skin in ther tribe."

"I couldn't stan' her nohow. It warn't no use, an' I bu'sted loose from ther ole she-devil an' lit out fur whar the Injuns war still gethered roun' the stake."

"But the squaw war too menny fur me. She looked ole, and she war ole, but I tell yer she ked run oogle to er goat, an' I hain't gone half-way—all stiff I wur an' sore, yer know—afore she overhauled me an' started back to ther village ag'in. How them Injuns did lar! They wur mad as bad hornets ef bein' sarcunvented outen ther fun by ther ole gal, but hit would a made a muet lar ter see me travelin' an' thar squaw arter me like mad."

"Well, wif, boycees, I war tied Injun-fashion to thet 'ere she-wolf, fur she jess wur thet an' nothin' else, an' for nigh about six weeks I hed a life uv it, I tell you."

"Es a general thing ther squaws does the work fur the family, but yer kin bet high thet mine didn't hurt herself none a-workin', less she done workin' on me wif a big musket bresh. When she got her hand in at thet bizness she 'peared to like it rather'n not, an' durn my ole moccasins ef she didn't use to git up in ther night an' lam me fur fear she'd forget how afore mornin'. Well, human natur' ar human natur', an' it can't stand ever'thing allers."

"My pashance wore out, 'sides which I war gettin' oneasy 'bout my b'ars as I hed left in Jim Curtis' keer while I took ther turn up in Solomon's."

"My body war full uv whelks bigger'n yer arm, an' spotted all over wif bruises wuss'n a Mexikin wildcat ar wif spots, an' when I sed thet, I broke down an' swore to myself as how me an' ther ole gal hed ter part."

"I waited a good while afore ther chance kem, but it did kem at last, and yer bet I didn't let it slip."

"One night when it wur rainin' hard, an' dark es a stack uv minks, a drunk Injun kem staggerin' into our lodge, an' afore we ked move him out, he fell ker-whallop on ther floor an' war fast asleep in a minnit."

"He hed his rifle an' fixin's all on, an' his skelpin'-knife and tommyhack besides. When I sed'd ther Injun layin' thar I sez to myself, now's yer time, Grizzly, an' ef yer don't git, yer a bigger fool nor I took yer fur."

"Well, sir, while I war sittin' lookin' at thet drunken Injun, ther ole squaw war lookin' at me, an' she must a 'discovered somethin' in my eye, fur up she gits, grupp'd all ther weepins an' started outen the lodge."

"I saw my chance slippin' an' I got desprit. It didn't take but one lep to put me between her an' ther door, sasin' which she dropped ther rifle, an' wif ther tommyhack in one hand, an' knife in t'other, she made at me wuss'n a mad she-painter."

"I know'd then thet I'd hev to kill her, an' I hated it awful, but thar warn't no other way uv my gettin' off."

"It war teetotally necessary thet I shed hev a rifle when I started, an' I mightn't never hev another chance, 'sides which the ole hag war cuttin' an' slashin' at me real savage."